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# THE SEWANEE REVIEW

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[No. 3

## HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ \*

There was curiously little attention paid in this country to the news of the demise of Henryk Sienkiewicz. That of Jack London, which occurred almost at the same time, caused far greater stir and comment. One or two metropolitan newspapers brought forth in their literary supplements special "write-ups" of the illustrious Pole; the *Literary Digest* devoted less than a page to him; while the *Bookman* unearthed and reprinted an article of some fifteen years earlier. It all had a perfunctory air. Yet around the turn of the century the author of *Quo Vadis* was a household name throughout America.

The lapse of public applause and interest, however, was not unnatural. It was on *Quo Vadis*, published at the very crest of the Romantic Revival of the nineties, that Sienkiewicz's broader fame rested, and the qualities of that book which fas-

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\*AUTHOR'S NOTE.—In writing what is, to the best of my knowledge, the first comprehensive survey of the entire career and literary output of Sienkiewicz, I have made free use of all previous articles concerning him,—even sometimes departing but little from their phraseology. For the comparison of the Trilogy with *War and Peace* and *La Débâcle*, I am indebted to J. H. Findlater's study in Vol. 230 of the *Living Age*, which is, so far as it goes, the best bit of Sienkiewicz criticism I have encountered. For facts as to the novelist's life and habits of composition, I drew largely on Jeremiah Curtin's "The Author of *Quo Vadis*" in the *Century Magazine*, Vol. 34. Other studies to which I am especially indebted are "Henryk Sienkiewicz and his Writings," by S. C. de Soissons, in the *North American Review*, Vol. 175; "Sienkiewicz and His Contemporaries," in the *Living Age*, Vol. 233; the article on "Sienkiewicz," by Charles Harvey Genung, in *Warner's Library of the World's Best Literature*; and that in William Lyon Phelps's *Essays on Modern Novelists*. I have quoted extensively and verbatim from the last two of these in summarizing the plot of *Without Dogma*.

minated the Anglo-Saxon world were rather a grandiose sensationalism and religious appeal than those genuine values which alone can secure permanent fame. *Quo Vadis* had the genuine values too, but they were obscured by the gush over its spectacular side and its superficial resemblance to such books as *Ben Hur*. It was treated as a "best-seller," met the ephemeral fate of a "best-seller," and was tarnished thereby in the minds of the truly judicious. As for the general public, they looked for more of the same sort from its author, and they did not get it. They got, instead, the kind of fiction which Sienkiewicz had written before his great popular success,—fiction which here and in England had won the highest appreciation of a select but small circle of readers. There was much in that fiction to withhold from him a larger following. We live in an age of literary tabloids, and Sienkiewicz created leviathans. His average novel is about the length of *David Copperfield*, and *The Deluge* is actually little less bulky than *Les Misérables*! His huge canvases are covered with figures whose strange Polish names are discouraging if not repellent to us. Such characters as Volodoyovski and Podbipienta give one pause. We do not know how to pronounce Skshetuski or Hmelnitski or Kmita. But this is purely our misfortune and cannot be held against the author, to whom and to whose fellow-countrymen these words are doubtless as easy as are to us the good English Houghton, Iddesleigh, Brougham, or Wriothesley, which might, in their turn, puzzle a native of Poland. Moreover, Sienkiewicz's novels of Polish history are not likely to invite one who is a stranger to those complex annals; while in them and in his modern stories alike one is ill at ease amid the unfamiliar customs of a foreign people and the sometimes mystifying idioms of that people which a barbarously literal translation has preserved, not only in colloquial dialogue, but in the descriptive and narrative passages as well.

So Sienkiewicz, rather the worse than the better for his brief burst of notoriety, has to begin all over again at winning recognition in western lands,—a recognition which is bound to come to him in time, though that time may be long, just as it was long with Dostoevski. Meanwhile, in Russia, where the language is not so different in idiom, the customs are comparatively

familiar, the proper names are not difficult, and the historical background is perfectly well known, Sienkiewicz has long held some measure of just appreciation. There he became the most widely read of all novelists, not excepting even Tolstoy.

A word at the outset about Sienkiewicz the man. I have not been able to go back of conflicting authorities as to the date and place of his birth. Charles Harvey Genung, the *New International Encyclopedia*, and the *Britannica* say this occurred in Lithuania in 1846; but *Who's Who* and Jeremiah Curtin say 1848 and in Poland-proper, whither his originally Lithuanian ancestors had removed as a result of the Russian War of the Confederation of the Bar. As Mr. Curtin claims to have his biographical data supplied him in writing directly by the author himself, the probabilities are that he is right. The grandfather of Sienkiewicz served under Napoleon; his father took part in the uprisings of 1830 and 1863. Indeed, the novelist was the first man of his family for five generations who did not choose arms as his calling. He passed through the Warsaw *Gymnasium* and was graduated from the University of Warsaw, where he elected the philological and historical course. He did not stand high at school, however; he was too busy reading novels—particularly Scott and Dumas. He himself began to write—and wrote always—from pure love of the art; he knew little about business, and disliked it, but fortunately he was a man of wealth. In 1872 a series of critical articles from his pen appeared in a periodical; the following year he brought out a novel whose failure was presaged in its title, *In Vain*. *Hania*, 1874, met with more success. Meantime he engaged himself in journalism, with which field he appears to have kept up an intermittent connection for a considerable period of his life. He was at one time editor of the *Niwa*. In 1876 he visited America, where he took part in Madame Modjeska's unsuccessful attempt to found a communist colony of Polish artists in California. Returning home, he met and married in 1881 a Lithuanian lady of rare grace and beauty, who seems to have had a great effect for good upon the directing of his efforts. Under her inspiration and aid he planned the great Trilogy of Polish historical novels which is his masterpiece, and the first of these, *With Fire and Sword*, appeared in 1884, a year before her death.

The series was completed in 1888; the realistic novels, *Without Dogma* and *Children of the Soil*, followed in 1891 and 1894 respectively; and the publication of *Quo Vadis* in 1896 made his fame cosmopolitan. In 1905 he was awarded the Nobel prize for literature.

Sienkiewicz traveled a great deal, especially in France, Switzerland, Italy, and Greece, while making historical studies. A lover of scenery, sport, and adventure, he went in 1891 on a big-game hunt to Africa. Much of his writing was done in hotels, where the detachment, even the loneliness, he desired for composition was possible. He was a rather retiring man, who mortally hated to be lionized. His official home was in Warsaw, but he spent several months of each year in the Carpathians, where he had a country house,—not apparently that he liked the mountains himself, but for the sake of his son and daughter,<sup>1</sup> to whom he was a devoted father.

When the European war broke out, Sienkiewicz installed himself at Geneva, Switzerland, where he toiled at Polish relief work almost till the very day of his death. His whole heart was bent all his life upon the resurrection of Poland and her liberties, and he ardently espoused the cause of the Allies, not ignoring the wrongs Russia had visited upon his people, but convinced that the destinies of Poland were and should be entwined with the destinies of the Slavonic race as a whole. It seems a pathetic thing that he should not have lived to see the attainment of his dream which we have good reason to believe will not be long delayed.

Sienkiewicz is said to have preferred Dickens above all other English novelists—thinking *David Copperfield* nearest to human nature among English novels. Thackeray he considered to have been enthralled more or less by society, mastered by it in a degree, hence injured as an artist. He admired Scott, but objected to his lack of fidelity to history. In his opinion, Shakespeare is the greatest figure in literature. He thought Tennyson beautiful but artificial,—the poet not of humanity but of a class. Among French writers he was especially fond of Renan and Daudet.

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<sup>1</sup>The girl, by the way, has herself manifested some literary ability; her brother—the older of the two—inclined rather toward science.

Passing, then, from the man to his work, we find the most outstanding, perhaps, of all the qualities of Sienkiewicz his infinite variety. He first won fame as a short-story writer. "I toiled at short stories until I could write a good one before I attempted longer productions," he says succinctly. Fiction of this type he created to the extent of several volumes full, and the tales rang all the changes of the serious, the comic, the pathetic,—realism and romance. Sienkiewicz apparently tried out on a small scale the possibilities of every field. *Yanko the Musician*, *Bartek the Victor*, *The Third, Frittered Away*, and *God's Will*, are especially striking stories; and it is significant that in *Tartar Captivity* and *Anthea* is to be found the germ of the novelist's two most celebrated later achievements, the Trilogy and *Quo Vadis*.

From miniature-painting Sienkiewicz passed directly to sweeping his brush across the hugest battle-canvas in all the literature of the world. Always an ardent patriot, he seems to have designed the three novels of seventeenth-century Poland as a rally-call to his beloved people, to cheer them and rouse them from the lethargy of subjection by making live before their eyes again the glories of their heroic past, together with an exposition of those seeds of national and racial weakness which brought them from that past to the shameful present. "Here ends this series of books," he concludes the final page of the last volume of the Trilogy, "written in the course of a number of years and with no little toil, for the strengthening of hearts." The task was one which at the outset might well have discouraged a lesser man. The most glorious epochs of Polish annals, such times as those when King Stephen Batory prevailed against the hosts of Ivan the Terrible, were through Muscovite censorship absolutely closed for him. With Russia he could have nothing to do. He was obliged to find a field, therefore, in the obscure wars which the Commonwealth, in the days of her decline, waged with Cossack, Tartar, Swede, and Turk. *With Fire and Sword* is a story of one of the great Cossack uprisings under Hmelnitski—the same that were so graphically pictured from the rebels' point of view by Gogol in his far briefer but scarcely less powerful romance, *Taras Bulba*. Pan Yan and Helena, the hero and heroine of

*With Fire and Sword*, are rather insipidly idealized; but its other characters more than atone. Here one encounters the diminutive but incomparable swordsman, Pan Michael Volodoyovski, who absorbs to himself throughout the series a constantly increasing share of the interest, until he becomes the central figure of the third novel, as he is of the Trilogy taken as a whole. Here we make the acquaintance, almost at the outset, of the superb humorist, Zagloba, most famous of all the creations of Sienkiewicz, and (with one possible exception to be noted later) the greatest. William Lyon Phelps endeavors to show that Zagloba is in reality a direct copy of Falstaff, though he is careful to point out that the successful reproduction of the Prince of Jesters is scarcely less an achievement of the impossible than is his actual creation. But Sienkiewicz has declared his Zagloba to be both different from Falstaff and more likable. "At heart," he says, "the old noble was a good fellow. He would fight bravely when it became necessary, whereas Shakespeare makes Falstaff a coward and a poltroon." Mr. Phelps denies that the last two epithets are an accurate description of Falstaff; so, he argues, Sienkiewicz's statement cannot be accepted as final in the question of the relationship between the two characters. Whether the Polish novelist or the American critic is more correct in his opinion of Falstaff cannot be discussed here; but I submit that Sienkiewicz shows that his own conception of Falstaff is quite different from his portrait of Zagloba: now he could imitate Falstaff only as he himself conceived him; if he conceived him as different from Zagloba, he could not have copied him in Zagloba; consequently, if the two characters are really exactly alike, this is a pure accident, and that Mr. Phelps could imagine it otherwise is a most amazing intellectual somersault. To my own mind, even if some measure of courage be granted Falstaff, there is still a good deal of difference between the two. Indeed, I am inclined to think Zagloba an even greater creation; his humor is little less exquisite, and he is still more many-sided and complex. More fittingly, his character has been said to combine something of Falstaff, Sancho Panza, Thersites, and Ulysses. Sienkiewicz develops him steadily; in the last book of the Trilogy he is a far mellower, sweeter, more likable person than at first; his long

association with brave and noble men has given him a good share of nobility and courage.

Other qualities of this book are no less admirable than is characterization. Throughout his historical fiction Sienkiewicz is supreme as a descriptive artist. His pictures of the boundless steppes and his great battle scenes are alike unrivaled; in all the myriad of combats he never repeats himself. The narrative is sustained with a graphic power and breathless intensity that sweeps the reader with it like a flood. The single encounter with sabres between Pan Michael and Bogun is probably the greatest duel scene in literature: while Stevenson never surpassed the episode of Helena's rescue from the ravine of the witch. And all the wealth of incident—the splendor and the savagery, the enormous slaughters and enormous cruelties—comes to a focus around the ramparts of Zbaraj, the story of whose heroic defence reads like a seventeenth-century Verdun.

The last half of *With Fire and Sword* is unsurpassed anywhere in the work of its author; the earlier portion of the book drags at times, especially the second fifth, and contains too much rather confused fighting, too many unimportant battles. Such a lapse in his art was perhaps due to Sienkiewicz's working methods. When he had chosen his subject, he was accustomed to read every chronicle and document in any way related to it he could lay his hands upon; this he then let "soak" in his mind for a while; then he would write.

In the second section of the series, however — *The Deluge*, which tells of the Swedish conquest of Poland by Karl Gustav and the rising of the people which expelled the invaders — Sienkiewicz masters his material. That stupendous novel, the hugest of his books, is the greatest, not only of the Trilogy, but of all the novelist's productions—perhaps of all the productions of all novelists. Only once in its thirteen hundred odd pages, and then for less than one hundred, does the story flag. Throughout the broad-flung welter of battle and siege and sally and ambush and duel and daring exploit, of plot and counterplot, of love and intrigue, of public war and private feud—runs one binding thread: the regeneration and development of a man's soul. The character of the hero, Kmita, is the subtlest, though not the

most spectacular, of his creator's psychological studies, and the story of how from a ruffian and an outlaw he becomes ten times over the savior of his King and country is worked out with masterful power and art. About that human figure is woven a mighty web of mighty events—a chaos of detail which yet manages to convey to the reader the realization that all the turmoil of incident which is chronicled in those pages is but a minute fraction of the whole. I know of no other work that so overwhelms one with the sense of infinitude—of vast disorders and strivings and atrocities and unremembered heroisms—all the death-agonies of a nation and the travail of a nation born again of its dead self. "It is written in no book," we read on page 656 of volume II, "how many battles the armies, the nobles, and the people of the Commonwealth fought with the enemy. They fought in forests, in fields, in vilages, in hamlets, in towns; they fought in Prussia, in Mazovia, in Great Poland, in Little Poland, in Russia, in Lithuania, in Jmud; they fought without resting, in the day or the night. Every clod of earth was drenched in blood. The names of the knights, their glorious deeds, their great devotion, perished from the memory; for the chronicler did not write them down, and the lute did not celebrate them."

The last of the series, *Pan Michael*, is concerned with the first chapter of the wars between the Commonwealth and the Turks, and terminates with the fall of Kamenyets. It is the most human of the three—both shorter and more like the general run of novels. Its plot is closer knit—less episodic—than those of the others; but it represents a falling off in power and, though a supreme achievement by any lesser standard, really cannot compare with the preceding two.

In considering the Trilogy as a whole, the word "epic" comes constantly to the mind and to the lips. Sienkiewicz has himself mentioned his indebtedness to Homer in the management of great masses of men and mighty conflicts. But beyond this and the Iliad-like accounts of the prowess of individual champions, there is a world of minutiae that hails straight from the Greek epos. The epithets and indeed the figures of speech, especially the similes, are Homeric. We read: "As two tawny wolves

pressed overmuch by hounds turn and show their white teeth, and the dogs whining at a distance dare not rush on, so these turned repeatedly, and each time their pursuers halted." And again: "As an eagle swoops on a flock of white partridges, and they, crouching before him in a timid group, become the prey of the robber, who grasps them in his talons and his beak, so Pan Longin Podbipienta, falling into the midst of the enemy, rages with his broadsword." Moreover, the historical novels of Sienkiewicz have an epic objectivity that is absolutely unique in fiction of this type. For that reason they are at once less popular and greater than other war novels. The average reader likes to know how war would look to him or feel to him. Zola, in *La Débâcle*, gives us realism. He photographs the incoherent chaos, the unvarnished horrors of war—not as the combatants see it, but as he, Zola, sees it—and from the *outside*. Tolstoy, in *War and Peace*, represents the other pole. He is the great emotional exponent of war. He describes, not war itself, but what men feel who are engaged in it, *assuming that they are modern men, only less introspective than the author himself*. In his later, realistic work Sienkiewicz is as introspective as Tolstoy. But when he delineates a past age, he alone among novelists shows us that age, not as a picture spread before us that we can see, or through the magic lens of his own eyes—but through the eyes of the people who lived and acted then—not a panorama unfurled, but a cyclorama amid which we stand: confused, terrible, magnificent—faithfully reproduced both in its glory and in its frightfulness; and it is just for that reason that he is incomparably the greatest of all historical novelists. Flaubert in *Salammbô* succeeded in reproducing the past world objectively; but he shows it to us from the view-point of our own time. In perusing the Trilogy, however, we become one in spirit with its characters; their outlook and standards are ours, and we accept them as a matter of course. Never for the sake of a "sympathetic" hero does Sienkiewicz tone down the feelings of the age. We read of Kmita: "When in the evening he was repeating his litany in peace by the blaze of burning villages, and the screams of the murdered interrupted the tally of his prayers, he began again from the beginning, so as not to burden

his soul with the sin of inattention to the service of God." The detailed description of the torture of Azya in *Pan Michael* is the ghastliest horror which pen of man ever chronicled; but we feel, I believe, that it is part of the time and the people and adds to the picture, and few who look resolutely upon truth would agree with Mr. Phelps that it is a blot upon the book. And when the most charming heroine of the Trilogy calmly asks the torturer if his revenge has comforted him, we are not shocked or surprised. In other words, Sienkiewicz presents to us, not the world as it appears to him, but as he can divine it appearing to men entirely different from himself in every thought of their hearts. This is a task for which inconceivably gigantic imaginative gifts are required.

The works with which we have hitherto compared the Trilogy are exceptional. In general, historical novelists might be divisible into the school of Scott and the school of Dumas. Scott's productions are costume pieces; they re-create accurately or inaccurately a past age, in the externals at least, and proceed through it laboriously, encumbered by its strange garments; they are very serious about themselves, but never quite get the hurried breath of life breathed into them. Those of Dumas, on the other hand, are primarily tales of adventure, recounted with gusto and careless irresponsibility—no stories were ever quite so well told purely as stories; but excitement is their end, and they refuse to take history in earnest; they merely dabble upon the surface of the period in which they are laid. Both schools have their representatives in the twentieth century; William Stearns Davis and Stanley J. Weyman are respectively the foremost of one and the other, with some improvement in technique, if a decrease in genius, as compared with their masters. But Sienkiewicz takes a lesson from both his great predecessors; he seizes the outer aspect of an age with all the broad grasp of Scott, and peoples it with characters as vivid, virile, keen-witted, and heroic as those of Dumas, involved in an action narrated with scarcely less compelling sweep than is found in the works of the French wizard of plot—and, like neither of those predecessors, strikes below the surface events which concern his heroes and heroines to deeper issues, more solemnly momentous

than the lives of men and women. Throughout the Trilogy there is no one, not even Pan Michael, who is the real centre of interest, the protagonist: it is Poland. *Her* peril, her salvation, her suffering, her glory, are all-important, the matters that enthrall our care. No sacrifice is so great, no personage so beloved, that we, in reading, deem the price too hard. And in the individuals themselves the mere question of safety or death, of happiness or disaster, is felt to be, after all, a thing of minor importance; everywhere we encounter a deep psychological interest, the working out of an inner problem, the struggle in noble minds between selfishness and duty. In view of these facts it is little wonder that an English critic of note has declared Sienkiewicz to be Scott and Dumas rolled into one, with the humor of Cervantes and at times the added force of a Shakespeare.

And now—after having created a whole vast world teeming with life and action, complex, storm-swept, tumultuously wonderful—in his next work Sienkiewicz proceeded to put the soul of one man under the microscope and study it. *Without Dogma* is a psychological novel after the manner of Bourget. It represents the diary of the hero, Leon Ploszowski: a man with the intellectual capacity to do anything and the energy to do nothing; a genius devoid of will—a character not unlike the Schlegel-Coleridge conception of Hamlet. He is primarily a study of the ineptitude so commonly observable in the modern Slav. He can discourse (and all through the long book does discourse) with brilliant diletteism on every subject of art, literature, history, philosophy, sociology; but all this is surface glitter. He reveals every recess and cranny of his brain and heart, and all is found vanity. He discovers one real emotion: his love for a simple but charming girl, Aniela; but this he doubts and philosophizes into apathy. She marries another, loving him. Obstacles rouse him; he sees that she still loves him, and he has no moral scruples to hold him back, no dogma; he lays his plans to win her, carefully, masterfully, and with absolute assurance of success. But when the crucial moment comes, he is brought up standing at a deadline beyond which he can make not one smallest advance. Her intellect is elementary compared with his, but—*she has dogma*. He cannot win from her even the

admission that she loves him, or that she does not love her husband. He urges her to a *liaison* and overwhelms her objections with a fine display of dialectic, but she concludes the debate: "I cannot argue with you, because you are so much cleverer than I; but I know that what you want me to do is wrong, and I will not do it." Her child-hearted faithfulness, her dogma, saves him who is without dogma. But his egotism is too great to permit him to leave her, and the constant strain of his presence in her life saps her strength until at last, when her unworthy husband dies and she might be free, she herself is dying. The end, with its poignant simplicity and power, is not unworthy to be placed beside the conclusion of that other great novel of the shipwreck of lives, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*:—

21 November.

Aniela wished to see me. My aunt took everybody out of the room, thinking that she wanted to recommend her mother to my care, and this was really the case. I saw my beloved, the soul of my life. She is always conscious; her eyes are very bright and her mental faculties excited. The pain has almost ceased. All traces of her former state have disappeared, and her face is like an angel's. She smiled at me, and I smiled back. Since yesterday I have known what is awaiting me, and it seems as if I were dead already; therefore I am calm. Taking my hand in hers, she began to speak about her mother, then looked at me as if she wished to see as much as she could of me before her eyes closed forever, and said:—

"Do not be afraid, Leon,—I feel much better; but in case anything should happen to me I wanted to leave you something to remember me by. Perhaps I ought not to say it so soon after my husband's death; but as I might die, I wanted to tell you now that I love you very, very much."

I replied to her: "I know it, dearest"; and I held her hand and we looked into each other's eyes. For the first time in her life she smiled at me as my betrothed wife. And I wedded her by vows stronger and more lasting than earthly vows. We were happy at this moment, though overshadowed by a sadness as strong as death. I left her only when we were told the priest had come. . . .

22 November.

She is very much better. Pani Celina is beside herself with joy. I am the only one who knows what it means. . . .

23 November.

Aniela died this morning.

Rome—5 December.

I might have been your happiness and became your misfortune. I am the cause of your death, for if I had been a different man, if I had not been wanting in all principles, all foundations of life, there would not have come upon you the shocks that killed you. I understood that in the last moments of your life, and I promised myself that I would follow you. I vowed it at your dying bed, and my only duty is now near you.

To your mother I leave my fortune; my aunt I leave to Christ, in whose love she will find consolation in her declining years, and I follow you—because I must. Do you think I am not afraid of death? I am afraid because I do not know what there is, and see only darkness without end; which makes me recoil. I do not know whether there be nothingness, or existence without space and time; perhaps some mid-planetary wind carries the spiritual monad from star to star to implant it in an ever-renewing existence. I do not know whether there be immense restlessness, or a peace so perfect as only Omnipotence and Love can bestow on us. But since you have died through my "I do not know," how could I remain here—and live?

The more I fear, the more I do not know,—the more I cannot let you go alone; I cannot, Aniela mine,—and I follow. Together we shall sink into nothingness, or together begin a new life: and here below where we have suffered let us be buried in oblivion.

*Children of the Soil* followed *Without Dogma*. This title is a euphemism of the translator; the real name of the book is *The Family of the Polanyetskis*! Here we encounter the realistic novel in its purest form: a broad cross-section of society, like *Vanity Fair* or *Madame Bovary* or *Anna Karenina*. Like the masterpiece of Tolstoy, it gives one the impression, not so much of the artistic simplification of existence usual in fiction, as the transcript of a piece of life itself with all the purely accidental and irrelevant incidents of real life. A closer examination, however, will reveal amid the multitudinous minutiae of *Children of the Soil* a genuine principle of integration, such as does not exist in the Russian story, justifying them and cor-

relating them. Yet so photographic is the work of Sienkiewicz that hardly any two critics agree as to what is the *intention* of this novel! One reviewer says it is the story of a man who marries "a woman whom he thinks he loves, and whom after much sin and sorrow, he learns to love at last." Another declares, "The great question of the book is, What can a good and honorable woman do to assist a man in the present age in civilized society?" A third puts it: "Granted that in modern society there are certain forces tending towards degeneration and dissolution, what is the best safeguard against these forces?" The most detailed analysis is that of Comte S. C. de Soissons. According to him the host of characters in the novel is divisible into two groups: the people who love something, do something, but do not pretend anything—are honest with themselves and with others; and the people who pose, generally even to themselves. From the latter spring falsehood in the fight for money, falsehood in love, falsehood in religion and philosophy, falsehood in art, falsehood in sentiments, principles, and customs. Insincerity is one of the most serious diseases of the present age, and the book is (covertly, not overtly) a sermon on good faith.

I think that in reality the theme of *Children of the Soil* is at once all and none of these things: that is to say, the novel is a picture of modern Poland, executed with the strictest realism that even William Dean Howells could demand, without intrigues, secrets, perils, political heroes, ideal heroines, or villains—almost without plot; and that all the themes above suggested may be found in it, because all may be studied in modern Poland or modern anywhere-else when the picture is painted for us by a master observer and interpreter of human society. In what is the main thread among its many threads there is a certain resemblance to *Without Dogma*. Like Leon, Stanislaw Polanyetski, an intellectual man whose philosophy of life is not anchored, and who in consequence is tossed about by the winds of impulse and questioning doubts, loves a woman who is far inferior to him in education and mental brilliancy, but who through straightforward Christian faith has mastered the secret of living. But Stanislaw is of sturdier stuff than Leon;

he can decide and act; he does marry, and when tempted to an amour after marriage as Leon was before marriage, fights the temptation down, as Léon did not. And Marynia is a stronger character than Aniela; she triumphs completely, and the final chapter finds her husband at her feet. The depth, sweetness, and sincerity of one woman's nature saved Stanislaw; the poet, Pan Ignas, with his high, youthful idealism promised better than he, but because the woman *his* life touched was shallow and insincere, *he* was broken. As in all the author's work, innumerable characters, vividly individualized, defile before the reader. There are none quite so compelling as the best in certain others of his stories; yet the selfish and hypocritical old Plavitski and the adventurer of finance, Mashko, stand out notably, while Marynia herself is one of the most charming of Sienkiewicz's many charming women. Those who suppose the novelist's powers of wit are summed up in Zagloba and Petronius should investigate the blasé but irrepressible dilettante, Bukatski. He writes in a letter from Florence:—

I have made the acquaintance here of an able artist in water colors,—a Slav, too, who lives by his art; but he proves that art is swinishness, and has grown up from a mercantile need of luxury, and from over-much money, which some pile up at the expense of others. . . . He fell upon me as upon a dog, and asserted that to be a Buddhist and to be occupied with art is the summit of inconsistency; but I attacked him still more savagely, and answered, that to consider consistency as something better than inconsistency was the height of miserable obscurantism, prejudices, and meanness. The man was astonished, and lost speech. I am persuading him to hang himself, but he doesn't want to.

It is with the other great Slavonic novels that one instinctively compares *Children of the Soil*—with the work of Tolstoy and Dostoevski, for we must go to them to find modern fiction that is equally lengthy and complex. Sienkiewicz's story has not the tumultuous force, the breathless power, the grip and the sweep of *Crime and Punishment*, but this does not demonstrate its inferiority. There is more water in the quiet-flowing Amazon than in the Niagara rapids. *Crime and Punishment* is life seen through a mist of blood and madness; *Children of the Soil* holds

a bright, clear mirror up to nature. It is easier to set it beside *Anna Karenina*. It does not possess the tremendous vitality of that wonderful work, nor quite the utter convincingness of reality, nor the subtle analysis of normal humanity; it lacks a good deal, in my estimation, of being as great a book. But in one respect, at least, it is manifestly superior to the novel of Tolstoy: the author's own point of view towards the story, his own criticism of life, is that of a sane and keen intellect, which lends to all his generalizings and observations a surpassing interest, as being the thoughts of a wise, great man; while Tolstoy always gives one the impression of a gigantic mind groping in the dark, or, to change the figure, unable to find the key to half the actions of life.

This point of view which Sienkiewicz displays in his novels of modern life in particular, but to some degree throughout his entire work, is at the present day an arresting one. "He belongs to the eighteenth rather than to the twentieth century!" somewhat irritably complained an Austrian Pole of my acquaintance—himself of mildly radical tendencies. In fact, Sienkiewicz stands out among the Dostoievskis, the Tolstoys, the Ibsens, the Maeterlincks, the Shaws, and the Wellses of these later days as one who still believes most of those things which we used to call eternal verities: in the Christian religion, and the old standards of moral, social, and political values, and honor and faith in man and woman, and economic honesty, and the monogamic family, and individual character and duty and accountability. His code has indeed the sturdy sanity and absence of emotionalism which we remember in the contemporaries of Addison and Dr. Samuel Johnson. And there are those among us who are grateful for this resolute and towering figure with calm, strong voice proclaiming that that which is new is not necessarily that which is true.

It is because of this moral healthiness and high ethical earnestness which is manifested throughout his novels that Sienkiewicz has had to encounter a considerable opposition in his own land, where the chief literary coterie has a decided trend towards what has collectively been termed Modernism, or, more specifically Decadentism, Parnassism, Satanism, and so forth. But above

the organized attacks of these exotics, Sienkiewicz towers like an oak amid weeds. He believed that the novel is a force to sweeten, to strengthen, to inspire. As the purpose of the Trilogy was to reanimate Polish patriotism, the realistic novels diagnose and point out a remedy for the evils of modern society. Of all his books, only *Without Dogma* ends in wreckage, and that is the wreckage of what is hopelessly perverted. Even in the final tragedy of *Pan Michael*, when the Little Knight has made to his country the final sacrifice of his own life, the note of reconciliation is sounded before the catafalque by the entrance of Sobieski, the savior-to-be.

The story will be remembered of the two club-women, one of whom said to the other as they left a performance of *The Wild Duck*, "Isn't Ibsen just perfectly splendid? He does so completely take every last spark of the hope out of life!" Personally, I must own myself not insensible to the charms in literature of a skilfully evoked sense of despair. But that artistic effect is the absolute antithesis of Sienkiewicz's practice. Most radiantly soul-satisfying of all is the conclusion of *The Deluge*—nor has any other novelist ever equaled it, so far as I have read. There precisely what one desires to be said and done is said and done, after a thousand-odd pages of groping error; and the reader finds himself gradually becoming possessed of a gigantic delight.

Another book, and another turn entirely new; for though they would be classed together as historical fiction, the Trilogy and *Quo Vadis* are totally unlike in both field and method. The ephemeral fame, built on false values, which the new work enjoyed has tended to obscure its real merit. Its plot, despite the usual comprehensive sweep, is more closely knit than is customary in the loose-woven fabrics of Sienkiewicz—is dramatic rather than epic—and the old descriptive power loses nothing in the depiction of imperial revels, the burning of Rome, or the scenes of the arena. The delicate task of presenting the figures of Peter and Paul is not unsatisfactorily discharged; whereas the opposed portrait of Nero, while a perversion of historical fact and a slander upon the otherwise sufficiently dubious fame of that emperor, is self-consistent, plausible, and luridly powerful. It is, indeed, in characterization that *Quo Vadis* is most notable.

Nero and Chilo would suffice to dignify any work, but in Petronius *Arbiter* Sienkiewicz has, I believe, painted his absolute masterpiece. Petronius seems to me to surpass even Zagloba, for he is quite as wonderful as the latter in conception and execution, and is, moreover, what actors call a "straight rôle," while Zagloba, in the same parlance, is a "character rôle," which is easier to create.

After *Quo Vadis* Sienkiewicz repeated his former types. His next production was *The Knights of the Cross*, which appeared in 1900, a story of a period some two centuries earlier than that of the Trilogy. This book is a complete return to the epic type of historical novel. It depicts the atrocities and final overthrow of the out-worn institution of the Holy Brotherhood of Teutonic Knights—their death-grapple with Poland. A savage and obscure period is made to live again in its pages; few novels ever take the reader so completely out of the world he knows. We see in a wild and colossal medley the semi-civilized court of King Jagello, the still far more primitive manor-houses and rural settlements of the Polish *hinterland*; we behold bear-hunting and beaver-hunting, and shaggy forests, and armored knights with peacock plumes, duels to the death and mighty battle of steel-clad hosts; we move amid inexorable hates and ruthless deeds; we hear of vampires and were-wolves and creatures with a blue human head in the midst of spider's legs. Of all the works of Sienkiewicz, it gives the greatest impression of vastness; it lacks, however, the striking characterization of the Trilogy. Only old Matsko and the heroine stand out—but Yagenka is the loveliest of the author's heroines. Everything considered, *The Knights of the Cross* should probably rank third in order of excellence among Sienkiewicz's novels, yielding precedence to *The Deluge* and *With Fire and Sword*.

*On the Field of Glory* (1904) is a novel of the years almost immediately subsequent to the events which closed the Trilogy, of whose characters a few reappear; it is a tale, not of war—but of rumors of war—indeed, of the brink of war, for it closes with the setting out of Sobieski's expedition against the Turks at Vienna. It is, so to speak, an overflow from those mighty, earlier novels—itsself brief and comparatively slight, but revealing

all the old spell-weaving magic of the story-teller who holds his reader's interest enthralled, while the portrayal of characters is as deft and clear-cut as ever.

*Whirlpools* (1908) deals with Agrarian troubles and Socialism in modern Poland. It is the least impressive product of his pen after he reached maturity. The author has elsewhere expressed his entire lack of sympathy with didactic fiction, declaring the novel should be above all things a work of art. In *Whirlpools* the purpose obtrudes upon the story; yet Sienkiewicz was by nature unfitted for his task, his mind preferably illuminating a subject by glancing though often subtle flashes, rather than with the inexorable, steady light of syllogistic proof. Moreover, its consideration of Socialism is confined to the Polish brand, a form of Syndicalism, so that the problem is remote to an American, though now and then we encounter comments of wider import—notably the following, which certain of our own propagandists of “the new freedom” would do well to ponder:—

“ . . . the socialist commonwealth, if you ever establish one, will be such a surrender of human institutions, such a jamming of man into the driving-wheels of the general mechanism, such a restraint and slavery that even the present kingdom of Prussia, in comparison, would be a temple of liberty.”

The author's last novel, if novel it may be called, was *Through Desert and Wilderness*, which appeared in 1912. It is less a novel than a boy's book of adventure, raised to the *n*<sup>th</sup> power—a sort of glorified *Swiss Family Robinson*. It tells the story of two children, a little English girl eight years old and a Polish lad of fourteen, who are kidnapped by followers of the Mad Mullah and carried into the desert—how they escaped and wandered through the Soudan and into the equatorial forests. Sienkiewicz himself, it will be remembered, had traveled in Africa in the early nineties, and, probably on the strength of his own observation, he makes of *Through Desert and Wilderness* a gigantic procession of strange, vivid pictures of the monstrous vegetation, the gaily-colored birds, and the teeming animal life of the jungles of the Dark Continent. It is rather a tremendous *tour-de-force* than a work to add to the reputation of its author. Yet in two ways

it is characteristic and fitting as his farewell creation: it offers one more testimonial to his infinite variety, and in the figure of its boy-hero, whose pluck and ingenuity surmount every difficulty, there is, as it were, a symbol of Sienkiewicz's faith in the Polish people—in their capacity of rising to any occasion, of being equal to any task—and a final bugle-call to the pride and self-reliance of his land.

Nothing can be more significant of this novelist's universal mastery than the varied partiality with which his several works are regarded. He himself preferred *Children of the Soil*, though "he was not prepared to say just why"; *Without Dogma* he declared to be "in many respects my strongest work," while of the Trilogy he most esteemed *With Fire and Sword*—I imagine because of the close association of his wife with it. In this country and England *Quo Vadis*, through its theme, was enormously the favorite; *Ben Hur* and *The Last Days of Pompeii* have never seemed quite the same since. But each of the others has had its adherents: Charles Harvey Genung exalts *Pan Michael*; De Soissons compares *Children of the Soil* favorably with *Vanity Fair* and *The Newcomes*, while some have thought *The Knights of the Cross* the greatest work of all. Most of my own acquaintances have cast their vote for *The Deluge*, and a large percentage of them sooner or later declared that they considered it the greatest novel they ever read. In Poland the most popular is *Without Dogma*, as being more nearly connected with the pessimistic school there, both by opposition and by its own catastrophe; but the highest merit they accord to the Trilogy, and, among it, to *The Deluge*. It is indeed the Trilogy which can most fittingly stand for its author before the world and before posterity.

Sienkiewicz's method of composition was scarcely less remarkable than were his books themselves. Those who knew him at the height of his career have recorded:—

He works out a detailed plan, and writes it down carefully. He fixes this in his head, and lets it "seethe and ferment" there, as he says. When ready to begin work he divides his time, not into days, but into weeks. During the first week he produces a certain amount, and so on, week

after week. The amount of his daily output is very irregular;—as many pages sometimes as there are lines at others. He has no secretary, amanuensis, copyist, or assistant. He writes (always in red ink!) with little or no correction, and never copies, producing just one manuscript—the one which he sends to the printer. “I do my own revising in my brain, as I walk,” he has said. Each week’s work continues that of the preceding week. Though the plan of the book is elaborated carefully in advance, this plan is not followed strictly; from the “seething and fermenting” in his head changes are suggested to the author, and he makes them. Such a procedure is perhaps the most amazing in literary experience.<sup>1</sup>

This inspirational, straightforward method of writing, together with the prodigious mass of Sienkiewicz’s novels, is probably responsible for some one’s having called him “a literary blacksmith.” An almost total absence of beauty of phrase or rhythmic sentence-cadence in the English translations lends color to the conception of him as a colossal rough-hewer. Yet between the preëminence that is indisputably his as a painter of magnificent word pictures and his apparent lack of stylistic grace there appeared to any thoughtful mind a curious inconsistency. I have been informed by two Polish acquaintances whose knowledge of their own language and of ours was equally appreciative and discriminating, that the shortcoming is entirely in the versions we possess; that in the originals are to be found limpid harmony and sonorous majesty, together with a hundred turns of expression, onomatopœia, and other untranslatable devices which are the secret of verbal magic. Unfortunately the first and

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<sup>1</sup>His habit was to shut himself up in his study after breakfast and work from 8 or 9 o’clock till luncheon time, five hours later. He infrequently wrote an hour or so after that—never in the evening—but spent much time in reading. In the course of the morning work-hours, it was his custom to drink a cup of coffee with two or three raw eggs; his digestion was quite a weak point, as a result of a fever which he contracted on the African hunt, and of his constant smoking of the strongest cigars. One may form an idea of Sienkiewicz’s rate of composition from his statement that the actual writing of *Quo Vadis*, after much reading and the filling of many note-books, occupied one year. *Quo Vadis* is a novel of about two hundred and twenty-five thousand words.

chief renderer of Sienkiewicz into English, Jeremiah Curtin, almost entirely forgot the spirit of his model in striving after the letter, and his subsequent emulators sought to surpass him by an even more faithful and art-destroying literalness. It may be noted as significant that our version of *Without Dogma*, done by Iza Young before the Curtin method became established as a pattern, has a simple dignity unique among the translations of Sienkiewicz. In the other novels we find, indeed, every quality of good style save that of word-music; events and scenes are sharp, distinct, superbly conceived, and graphically executed, so that they stand out before the reader's very eyes. Rather than one of his celebrated passages, let us take a quieter, less impressive description, chosen at random. Here is one from *Pan Michael*, picturing a view by night from the battle-broken rampart of a beleaguered city:—

The night was in August, warm and fragrant. The moon illuminated the niche with a silver light; the faces of the little knight and Basia were bathed in its rays. Lower down, in the court of the castle, were groups of sleeping soldiers and the bodies of those slain during the cannonade, for there had been no time yet for their burial. The calm light of the moon crept over those bodies, as if that hermit of the sky wished to know who was sleeping from weariness merely, and who had fallen into the eternal slumber. Farther on was outlined the wall of the main castle, from which fell a black shadow on one-half of the courtyard. Outside the walls, from between the bulwarks where the janissaries lay cut down with sabres, came the voices of men. They were camp-followers and those of the dragoons to whom booty was dearer than slumber; they were stripping the bodies of the slain. Their lanterns were gleaming on the place of combat like fireflies. Some of them called to one another; and one was singing in an undertone a sweet song not befitting the work to which he was given at the moment:—

“Nothing is silver, nothing is gold to me now,  
Nothing is fortune.  
Let me die at the fence, then, of hunger,  
If only near thee.”

But after a certain time that movement began to decrease, and at last stopped completely. A silence set in which was broken only by the distant sound of the hammers breaking

the cliffs, and the calls of the sentries on the walls. That silence, the moonlight, and the night full of beauty delighted Pan Michael and Basia.

The author's picturing power is not limited to set descriptions of landscape or action. Some of the most fascinating pages of his historical novels are reproductions, with minute fidelity, of conditions of life long past and far away: the sketch of a Cossack homestead between the Ukraine steppes and Crim Tartary; the seventeenth-century life of a Samogitian heiress; and, strangest glimpse of all, the back-country habitations of mediæval Polish farmers and hunters on the skirts of the great forest. Vistas are opened for us into vast and unknown worlds, till then untouched by our thoughts.

Sienkiewicz's literary theory was that love, as the universal emotion, should be the basis of all fiction. In each of his novels, however wide a circle may be fetched around it, a love-story is the integrating principle of the narrative. His conception of love has been suggested to resemble Browning's in its union of the physical and the spiritual. To achieve his pictures he is perfectly frank in revealing sensuality, even animalism, just as he presents other brutalities of cruelty, hate, and superstition, with epic objectivity; but so thoroughly is the reader made to feel that this is merely a detail of fact photographed but not dwelt upon for its own sake (as Gabriele D'Annunzio, for instance, would have dwelt upon it), even in the depiction of the vice of Nero's court, that of all modern authors he is the last whose work anyone would think of as immoral. Nor, on the other hand, does his faith in the beauty and power of love ever lead him to that vicious confusion of moral values resulting from the apotheosis of amative sentiment and the obsession of romance so common in recent literature. A comparison with H. G. Wells in this particular is curious. Wells, of all writers, might be considered one whose stress is laid on matters other than the sex-relationship—on scientific and social progress, "the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be"; but in reality he is full of the conventional idealization of love. Take the conclusion of his story of the centuries to come, *When the Sleeper Wakes*. The hero, single-handed in his aeroplane, has turned

the tide of the great battle which is to decide the social and industrial future of humanity, but at the last moment his machine is disabled and with it he falls towards death. He has saved a great city from an unspeakable fate, he has delivered mankind from economic slavery, lifted down-trodden millions from the depths of suffering and hopelessness, made sure the dawn of a new, long day of peace, justice, and joy, literally redeemed the world—he alone. No other man ever did so much for this earth. And as he plunges downward, it all flashes before his mind's eye with a strange unreality. Then:—

He wondered if he should see Helen again. It seemed so unreasonable that he should not see her again. It *must* be a dream! Yet surely he would meet her. She at least was real. He would wake and meet her.

By that incongruous, insinuating juxtaposition of ideas and trick of phrasing, Wells subtly suggests that the fellowship and communion of two souls in love is of equal importance, when weighed in extra-terrestrial and eternal balances, *with the redemption of the whole world*—nay, that it is *more* important, is an ultimate, sacred reality beside which physical, material, earthly matters are as intangible and evanescent as a dream compared with waking life. That is the sort of neo-romanticistic moonshine that Sienkiewicz never descends to. The fates and the happiness of his characters are never felt to count against the greater principles amid which they move. Sienkiewicz is preëminently the novelist of love, but the climax of *The Deluge*, his most enthralling love-story, is when the hero, Kmita, at the call of his country's need, abandons the search which apparently is necessary to deliver his sweetheart from death or worse. That clear, strong, unfailing perception of relative values is like the salt sea-breeze blowing amid the rose vapors of sentimental emotionalism.

The throng of humanity with which Sienkiewicz has peopled his created world deserves more than the passing notice it has already received in these pages. Characterization is commonly held to be the supreme achievement of literary genius; but characterization is something that too many writers have succeeded in for it, without qualification, to be reckoned the highest triumph. A rarer, more arduous feat, rather, should be set as

the gleaming standard and goal. A great number of authors have possessed to a considerable degree the power to look about them and reproduce on paper the people they observe. But I believe that the portrayal—subtly, vividly, convincingly, and in detail—not merely of a character, but of a *remarkable* character, one who is a remarkable person, may be taken unhesitatingly as the highest creation possible for genius. Suppose we apply this criterion to the *dramatis personæ* of literature, drawing our line with such degree of exactingness that only four characters of all the living world of Shakespeare will remain above it: Hamlet, Cleopatra, Falstaff, and Iago. But few figures in drama, epic, or novel could measure up to that standard. There is perhaps only one other in the entire domain of English literature: Becky Sharpe. Cervantes would contribute Don Quixote, Flaubert Hamilcar Barca from his *Salammbô*. Ibsen might be able to augment the roster with Bishop Nicholas of *The Pretenders*—but certainly with no one else. Even the vast continent of Balzac could enroll but one or two: Vautrin, beyond question; Valerie de Marneffe, possibly. To so limited a list Sienkiewicz can indubitably add two names: Zagloba and Petronius. Below this supreme literary peerage stretches away the host of his characters in a descending scale; some, like Kmita, barely outside the highest circle, of a class with the Macbeths and Othellos and Mark Antonys; then Michael Volodoyovski, Bogun, Boguslav Radzevill, Nero, Vinicius, Chilo Chilomedes, Matsko, Leon Plaszowski, Stanislaw Polanyetski, Mashko, Plavitski, and many others, notable creations; and hundreds more down to the most briefly glimpsed people—all individualized and *alive*. It is, indeed, his infinite invention of minor figures, quite as much as the hugeness of his panoramas, that gives me a feeling of his *illimitability*, which he shares in my mind with only two other writers: Shakespeare and Balzac. In Shakespeare this feeling is induced, I believe, by the perception of the bottomless *depths* to which he probes; in the other two by the *breadth* and *complexity* of their imagined worlds; but illimitability of genius is the impression left on me by all three alike. Sienkiewicz conceives, as does Balzac, an actual myriad of characters and a myriad of details relevant and irrelevant about all of them—idiosyncrasies,

financial affairs, elaborate family genealogies, heaven knows what not; in either novelist the utter prodigality of his imagination overwhelms the reader with astonishment and carries him away with its absolute reproduction of all the minutiae of life itself.

Sienkiewicz's portrait gallery of heroines has not always received due appreciation at the hands of even his admirers. Those of his works which have been most widely read—*Quo Vadis*, *With Fire and Sword*, and *The Deluge*—have no female figures of real distinction, save the somewhat statuesque heroine of the last-named novel. But if all his books be taken into account, a collection of lovely women may be culled, who bear a curious resemblance to the heroines of Shakespeare—not in their individual characters, but in the manner of their drawing: in outline, with bold, simple strokes, and a tendency to delicate idealization in contrast to the realism with which the men of both authors are treated. As did Mrs. Jameson with Shakespeare's, one may, for the most part, divide them into groups: Olenka, Marynia Plavitski, and Miss Anney—strong yet gentle, quietly brave; Anusia, Zosia, Aniela, Danusia, and the Marynia of *Whirlpools*—innocent, simple, child-like, clinging natures; Helena, Krysia, and Lygia, reserved, timid, and somewhat languidly lovely; and finally, best of all, the Amazons—the little hoyden, Basia, of *Pan Michael*, and the radiant Yagenka of *The Knights of the Cross*.

What place shall we assign Sienkiewicz among the world's great novelists? I believe, the very highest of all. It requires a certain amount of courage to give supremacy to one of our own day; time magnifies a great man and invests him with a halo; it is hard for us to realize that the superlative has been even in our midst. Yet the facts, as marshalled, bear out this appraisal, and we should not shrink from it. The range of the man's work, together with the standard which it attains in every one of the fields of its endeavor, is something unequalled, even unapproached, in literature. Balzac is the great realist of all time; yet his attempt at the historical romance, *Catherine de Medici*, is generally reckoned a failure. George Eliot, Thackeray, and Flaubert carried over into historical fiction too much of the methods of their contemporary studies; they achieved realism

of the present and realism of the past—not realism and romance. But Henryk Sienkiewicz has written historical novels of unique excellence concerning no less than three distinct and widely different periods, psychological fiction after the manner of Bourget (but better), modern realism, and an apotheosis of juvenilia. Nay, more, even in his realism he achieves a synthesis; he there partakes, as William Lyon Phelps has pointed out, at once of the “feel” school with Zola and the “thought” school with Turgeniev; just as in his novels of seventeenth-century Poland he combines the broad historical grasp of Scott with the rapid action and the courage and resourcefulness of heroes that fascinate in Dumas, and adds thereto an epic objectivity and a noble resolution of human problems which lifts these stories, to quote the words of Charles Harvey Genung, “out of the class of romantic tales of adventure into that higher region of poetry where we breathe the air that swept the plains of Troy.”

In consideration of this vast, complex, and glorious achievement, only one novelist can contest Sienkiewicz's claim to pre-eminence: the colossal Balzac. Of less great range and less finished art, Balzac surpassed even the Pole in the extent of his portrait gallery of humanity. He had neither the poise and healthy outlook of Sienkiewicz nor the capacity to appreciate as varied types, but he produced in his pages an even larger number of striking figures. We may recall the magnificent comparison which Taine draws between the great author of the Human Comedy and the great Elizabethan poet-dramatist. We should remember that Greek tradition ascribed to one blind bard not stories of gods and heroes alone, but comic realism, too—the lost *Margites* as well as the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and that since that dawn-time of the world but one man has walked so wide a way through literature. If, therefore, we feel inclined to dub Balzac “the Shakespeare of the Novel,” we should hail Henryk Sienkiewicz as its “Homer.”

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## EVOLUTION AND LITERATURE

In one of the quaint and charming volumes of M. Henri Fabre, *The Life of the Grasshopper*, is a passage which shall serve as an introduction to this essay. Fabre has been speaking of the musical instrument used by the white-faced decticus to produce his song, and of how few the creatures are which sing. "Above the bird, . . . [they] roar and bray and grunt, until we come to man. . . . Below the bird, they croak or are silent." Then he recalls the interesting fact that the insect, in fact, belongs ". . . with those primitive races whose records are inscribed in our coal seams. It is one of the first that mingled the sounds of life with the vague murmuring of inert things. It was singing before the reptile had learned to breathe."

"This shows," concludes the naturalist, "from the mere point of view of sound, the futility of those theories of ours which try to explain the world by the automatic evolution of progress nascent in the primitive cell. All is yet dumb; and already the insect is stridulating as correctly as it does to-day. Phonetics start with an apparatus which the ages will hand down to one another, without changing any part of it. Then, though the lungs have appeared, we have silence, save for the heavy breathing of the nostrils. But lo, one day, the Frog croaks; and soon, with no preparation, there are mingled with this hideous concert the trills of the Quail, and the whistled stanzas of the Thrush and the Warbler's musical strains. The larynx in its highest form has come into existence. What will the late-comers do with it? The Ass and the Wild Boar give us our reply. We find nothing worse than marking time . . . until one last bound brings us to man's own larynx. In the genesis of sounds it is impossible to talk authoritatively of a steady progression. . . . We find nothing but a riddle whose solution does not lie in the virtues of the cell alone, that easy pillow for whoso has not the courage to search deeper."

It is characteristic of Fabre's keenly scientific mind that he is able thus so definitely to recognize the inadequacy of a theory which for the most part he accepts to explain all the phe-

nomena he observes about him. On the basis of this theory he formulates his conception of the earth's history; and on the basis of it he formulates, too, his history of the living things which inhabit the earth. But he is careful. Because he has explained some things he does not, therefore, know all things, by the same token. Never for a moment does his faith in a particular mode of thought blind him to the existence of facts which he cannot understand. He sees the multiplicity of forms and events; but he is so sane, and he regards life so steadily, that he does not, even involuntarily, exclude from his consideration what does not happen to conform to a preconceived explanation. Fabre is a man who has used his mind well.

The theory of evolution has thoroughly permeated our universe. Those of us, especially, who did not undergo the struggles which attended its first introduction, and who have been taught it in the schools as naturally our fathers were taught their theories, are not often aware of the real extent to which we think in terms of evolutionist doctrine. We forget that our ancestors conceived of the world in a different form; and we cannot by any stretch of the imagination persuade ourselves that others yet to come may discard our system as useless. Our Reason, from the past experience of the race, may assure us that such a change is possible, but the probability of that change cannot be for us at present a vital reality. Evolution, therefore, is the form of our thinking. It is our point of orientation.

One of the great contributions which John Stuart Mill made to modern thought was his analysis of the relation of cause and effect, and his establishment of canons by which that relation might be tested. He showed very definitely wherein the experience of two events, the one before and the other after, might be interpreted as cause and effect. Mill's analysis and his canons are open to all who care to understand them. Nevertheless, many persons go on making false causal inductions, some of them very silly indeed, like most of our popular signs and superstitions about the weather and about Fortune. In a similar way, the theory of evolution is ignorantly abused. So prone are we to use this theory, often unconsciously from mere force of habit, and so accustomed are we to find our explanations of facts

verified, that we forget the principles upon which the validity of the theory is based. We come to regard the idea of evolution as one inherent in the nature of things, and to consider it a quality of a ripe apple. We fail to remember that the theory of evolution is after all only a mode of thinking, and that it is no sounder in a given instance than the weakest link in our chain of observation and thought. Consequently we make many inductions which have no justification whatever. We overwork a capable method of solution, and do not see "the futility of those theories of ours" in certain applications that we make of them. Often we read into a group of facts—sometimes we have not even facts—implications which are unsound, and formulate an interpretation on an evolutionistic basis which has no truth in it.

## II

The fundamental purpose of the theory of evolution is exposition, for the theory is the outgrowth of a desire for the explanation of how certain things came about. It is concerned primarily with the study of the causes and processes of change. The individual elements in a given chronological series have no intrinsic value, but are interesting only in so far as they help in the study of a particular evolutionary process. If an individual unit secures attention to itself, it does so because it contributes in some special way to the knowledge of the series by supplying a hitherto unknown step in the process, or by requiring some special explanation to bring it into harmony with the general course of development.

The emphasis upon exposition, and the subordination of the constituent units to the series of which they are parts, are matters of much importance in thinking of the theory of evolution as applied to literature.

It is a long time since Matthew Arnold set forth his three interpretations of poetry in his famous essay,—the historical, the personal, and the real; and, regarding the last only as worthy of consideration, proposed his equally famous "touchstone" method for testing what is good from what is bad. Many critics have laughed at Arnold's attempt to establish an absolute criterion of poetic values, and have pointed out that, when all is said

and done, there are only two distinct ways of looking at literature. One is the historical, lending interest to a literary work because of its place in the general history of literature, like the odes of Cowley, or in the career of an individual author, like Wordsworth's tragedy of *The Borderers*. The other is personal, lending interest to literature because of some appeal which, like Browning's star, it makes to a given reader.

Now there is no doubt that many things which Arnold wrote were indeed futile and vague. But it must be admitted, at the same time, that in thus stating those alternatives Arnold has put the proposition right clearly, and has pointed out the line of cleavage which must determine our inclination to one side or the other. That is, to state the question in terms of the evolution theory, Was Arnold right in believing that a genuine interest in literature arises from an appreciation of a literary production as a unit, rather than from a desire to know the place of the production in the time series of which it is a part? The answer, I believe, inheres in the nature of literature itself.

Whatever may be our definition of the term, literature has two qualities common to all the arts. It has, namely, a certain substantiality of matter, by which we mean that we recognize in literature truth as we have learned truth from our experience and our generalizations; by which we mean, also that before a piece of writing can, for us as individuals, be called literature it must reflect an experience intelligible to us and having elements that we can appreciate as common, at least in imagination, with our own. Literature has, too, a certain excellence of form—not a technical excellence, necessarily, in conforming to a set of rules of composition or in following any formulæ prescribed for various literary genres (witness Shakespeare's disregard of the classical unities in *Romeo and Juliet*)—but an excellence of the kind which, irrespective of thought conveyed, affords satisfaction in and of itself. Truth and Beauty, to use time-honored phrases, literature has; and, to whatever degree we may, as our power of discrimination increases, narrow the range of what we are willing to admit within the limits of our definition, these qualities literature will always have.

Literature, as an art, endures because it fulfills these two requirements of substance and form, because it is—whatever else it may be—primarily a source of æsthetic pleasure. It may be incidentally didactic; it must be fundamentally, though not designedly, moral. But in order to survive, to be called literature, it must, first of all, give pleasure. That was a true saying of Arnold Bennett's where he remarked that literature "does not survive for any ethical reason." (It is a question whether many things survive for this reason.) But, he says, it survives because it is a source of pleasure to a few people who are "intensely and passionately interested" in it; who, "engaged in an eternal process of rediscovery," are ever seeking for the things which are "right." And, he concludes, "the 'right things' are right solely because the passionate few *like* reading them."

The process by which the "right things" are discovered and eternally rediscovered—by which, of course, Mr. Bennett means the permanent interest in literary classics—is the same for all works of literature. It is a purely experimental process. Those readers who take keen and genuine pleasure in reading, to quote again, are "for ever making new researches, for ever practising on themselves. They learn to understand themselves. They learn to know what they want." And when they find a book pleasurable, "no chill silence of the street-crowds will affect their conviction that the book is good and permanent." By experience, then, and desire for the renewal of pleasure, they learn to search out and preserve through successive years the things which by their form and matter are made in some way significant for them, as being among the treasures which the earth affords.

The result of such an experimental process, together with the traditional reputation accruing to the works so discovered and enjoyed, is a valuing of those works for their own sake, irrespective of author, time, place, and circumstances of composition, irrespective of what preceded and what followed them in the way of literary influences and tendencies,—a valuing of them because their source of appeal is resident in themselves. There can seem to be no doubt that, in answer to the question proposed above, the "passionate few" (by whom, most certainly, real literature is kept alive) would unanimously respond that the interest in

literature will eternally arise from enjoyment of individual authors and productions rather than from an intellectual desire to trace an evolution by means of a time series of literary units.

In thus emphasizing the importance of the individual unit rather than the series, I do not, however, wish to be misunderstood. I believe it is true that in our so constant use of the theory of evolution in the many phases of our life and thought we have been accustomed to overlook this limitation of the theory in its relation to literature, which I have been endeavoring to point out. Works of literature are not read with the same kind of enjoyment with which the biologist studies a crayfish to round out his conception of the development of a particular life form. And they never will be. The enjoyment of literature is not an expository process; the theory of evolution is. That is the distinction I wish to make.

At the same time I should like to guard against certain implications which might seem naturally to follow from such a statement. I do not desire to be charged with saying that the unit, to which I attach so much importance, is necessarily an altogether isolated unit. I do not mean that to enjoy literature one must single out, say a poem, and that he must shut himself up in a room with it, and forget all the other poems he may ever have read, and cut himself off (were it possible) from all that he has ever thought and known before of the history and experience of his race. It is not a corollary to my thesis to maintain that, because one enjoys a poem as an individual unit—George Herbert's *The Collar*, for instance—one therefore ignores totally the relation of this unit to the whole series of religious poems of the school of Donne, of which it is a part; and that he separates it in his mind from the more general field of human knowledge which it may be his good fortune to possess.

### III

The development of the scientific spirit which has so characterized our age has resulted from the desire of man to know what things are like and to discover the processes by which they came from what they were in the past to what they are now. These two elements are about equally important in our thought. Im-

mediately, when we have learned what something is, we inquire into its history; and frequently our knowledge of its past is our most direct way to a knowledge of what it is. Examination and evolution are not separated in our minds, and we think in terms of evolution quite as much as we make analyses of what is within the direct range of our experience. Investigation and interpretation are the functions of a scientific mind.

History, then, using the term in its broadest meaning as an organized interpretation of past events—synonymous in a certain sense with the theory of evolution applied to a particular set of facts—is a very important part of our mental life. We do not study the present formations of the earth alone; we inquire into the record of its former conditions. We do not content ourselves with an understanding of the present biological data; we interpret in order to know the data of the past. We write the history of all elements of our experience from the point of view of tracing their development. Among these elements we write also the history of literature.

Writers on literature have frequently incorporated the idea of evolution into the titles of their essays and books, and many who have used the simple word *history* have written with the same implications. There seems to be no doubt in the minds of these critics and historians that they are altogether justified in taking for granted the theory of evolution as a fit and proper basis upon which to construct their interpretations of literary facts. They seem never to have stopped to inquire whether the individual literary works and authors are really related in the way which we call "evolutionary." They have assumed that causality, continuity, and development are true relations existing through all and in all literary productions, and that their only duty as historians is to discover and point out these relations. Now a question arises as to whether the assumption is warranted. Or have they been doing what M. Fabre says many scientists have done, have they been trying "to explain the world by the automatic evolution of progress nascent in the primitive cell"—in this instance, a folk ballad-dance or something of the kind—without being sure that the premise which underlies all their explanation is sound?

I believe that we have greatly overworked the theory of evolution in much that we have said about the history of literature. In saying so, I do not think it necessary in the least to deny that in literature as in other forms of art—dress, cookery, architecture—there may, viewing the entire extent of activity, have been progress; and that the elements in a time series of literary units may, taken broadly, be related as to cause and continuity. The houses we live in to-day are an evolution from the primitive structures inhabited by our forebears; our dress is a development from the rude skins worn by our ancestors in their uncivilized state. Our literature is related (whether by "automatic evolution," is a problem) to the crude beginnings of savages as they chanted their songs around the camp-fire. I can readily see in all these forms of art something more than just a time series of events. There has undoubtedly been an evolution in the real sense of the word.

But granting all this, I still think we push the application of the evolution theory beyond reasonable limits. And I question whether, except in thinking of a long series of facts and in thinking of them in a very general way, we are justified in using the theory as a basis for explaining the relationship between them. In two points, especially, I am skeptical about the application of the theory of evolution in the history of the arts. The time series, I am willing to admit, can be determined with a fair degree of accuracy; although even chronology, the only obvious relation between the units, many times rests on generalizations and inferences from their varying degrees of complexity or from what seems to be a causal relation between them, so that the whole structure of the theory is like that of the old conception of the earth, which rests on the shoulders of Atlas, who stands on a turtle, and so on down. It is all right, if only the turtle has solid footing. I concede, however, the accuracy of the time series. Nor do I see any need for doubting, either, the continuity which appears to exist in the series. But as to causality and progress, I am often unable to see them as a part of the relationship existing between two units or groups of units; for what is later is not invariably better, from any standard of judgment that can be set up, than what was earlier; and the causes

which have operated to produce the changes are too subtle and too numerous to permit of a formulation of them into statements of laws.

An illustration of these two truths is afforded by the history of dress. The fashions of the last five decades can be arranged into accurate chronological order. And most certainly the forms of dress to-day are a continuation in nature and in function of those former days. I cannot discover, however, that the changing styles are related in a causal way; nor can I see that the later ones are either more beautiful (the styles of the present will soon look strange and uncouth) or more serviceable than the earlier. That is, it seems to me that two of the four component parts which are embraced in the term *evolution* are not present, inasmuch as there is no constantly operating cause which is responsible for the changes, unless it be the dictates of fashionable dressmakers; and inasmuch as there is no permanent gain in beauty or serviceability. The history of dress, therefore, is not to be written in terms of evolution, unless the discussion cover a long period of time. Rather it is to be written as a record of units related only in time and continuity. Long sleeves, short sleeves, fur trimmings, bead trimmings; varieties of color in seasons of popularity—plum, raspberry, sand, brass—if there be causal and progressive relations between these succeeding styles, I fail to see them. To speak in specific terms about "evolution" of dress during the last fifty years or any similar period is to read into the fashions relations which are not there.

In a like manner, if we worked less with the theory of evolution in dealing with the shorter periods of literary history, and were content with statements of facts, we should have less ridiculous and far-fetched explanations of the course of events than those which clutter up most of our accounts. Ruskin criticized severely the "pathetic fallacy" common to many of the makers of literature, by which he meant the tendency to project into external things, particularly into various aspects of nature, the thoughts and emotions of the human soul. He was not averse to such a projection if it were done as a figure of speech; and many of our best descriptions of nature are just such projections, into the outer world, of the inward emotions, as Wordsworth's

famous sonnet on the view from Westminster Bridge. But to do more than that, to be sincere in thus reading into nature what can be felt only by a human being, is, to use the mildest term, the essence of sentimentality. In a similar way many historians of literature are subject to a kind of "pathetic fallacy" when they bring to bear on the interpretation of, say, a half-century of literature the whole pressure of their evolutionary thinking as they have learned it from our scientific age and from our scientific teachers. They make the history of literature the record of the development of an organic, self-conscious, onward-moving activity explicable by "the automatic evolution of progress," without recognizing the all-important truth that what they call "evolution" is their own contribution to the time series of facts before them, and that in many cases the contribution is not warranted.

The course of the English novel in the nineteenth century comes to me with considerable force as an illustration of the principle I have just stated, for recently I had occasion to read most of the histories of the nineteenth-century novel. Almost all of them have one point of view. They take Scott and Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot and Hardy and Stevenson, and trace the "evolution" from romance to realism and from realism back to romance. Now, if there is indeed evolution, there must be, in addition to the fact that there is a succession of those authors in time, and to the fact that all these writers were using the same medium of expression (chronology and continuity)—in addition to these facts, there must be a causal relation between the successive writers and a definite progress toward perfection. These last two relations of progress and cause I cannot discover in the novel of the last century.

In order to speak of the evolution of the novel of the nineteenth century, we must be able to mark the successive steps toward the accomplishment of the end. It must be clear that the novels of Dickens and Thackeray were better novels than those of Scott; that those of George Eliot and Hardy were better than those of Dickens and Thackeray; that those of Stevenson were better than those of Eliot and Hardy; that the sociological novels of the last decade were an improvement still; and that, forsooth,

the novels arising from the great war are the greatest novels the English-speaking world has ever produced. Or, limiting the test of progress merely to works of similar kind, it must be clear that Stevenson is a greater writer of fiction than Scott; that Archibald Marshall is a greater novelist than Anthony Trollope. All of which is, of course, untrue. There is no truth, as one surveys the history of literature, which stands out more distinctly than the truth that what is later is not necessarily better than what was earlier. In such a case Fielding and Jane Austen would be elementary and insignificant beyond reckoning with.

The relation of cause is no more evident than that of progress. Sir Walter Scott, driven from poetic narrative by the sudden popularity of Byron, turned the reading public from the almost exhausted terror romance to historical romance. After a quarter of a century, the public, surfeited with the novels of Scott, or rather with the insipid romances of his followers, welcomed with joy the new work of Dickens and Thackeray. The only causal relation, however, between Scott and the realistic school which followed him is that historical romance was worked out—just as after a long while, long sleeves for my lady's gown go out of fashion and short sleeves come in. Nor were the works of Stevenson an evolution from those of the realistic writers, except that realism had grown old—except that "The Limits of Realism in Fiction" had been reached, as Mr. Gosse said in an essay in 1898: ". . . . Wherever I look I see the novel ripe for another reaction. The old leaders will not change. . . . But it is my conviction that the limits of realism have been reached; . . . . and that we ought now to be on the lookout to welcome . . . . a school of novelists with a totally new aim." The reaction was even then in progress. The novels of Stevenson were making their influence felt; soon realism as a popular favorite was dead. Then followed romance, with Weyman and Anthony Hope and the rest, all writing romance whether they would or not—because that year large pockets on my lady's coat happened to be in fashion. Presently romance died out, and the novel became sociological, as may be seen in Mr. Churchill's transformation from the author of *Richard Carvel* and *The Crisis* to the author of *The Inside of the Cup* and *A Far Country*.

Professor Phelps, speaking of the influence of Stevenson, makes a most illuminating remark: "One man," he says, "ap-

pearing at just the right moment when readers were either weary or disgusted with the reigning sovereign, Realism [Zola, for instance, and his sort] toppled him over with the sheer audacity of genius." It seems to me that Professor Phelps has expressed well just what it is that happens when a change in fiction comes. It was not that Stevenson "evolved" from the school of realists; he was simply a man of sufficient genius to make his power known and effective. What he created was something new. He set a fashion — being the man he was, and the times being the times they were — which was related in no causal way to what had preceded it except that it was new and the other was old.

It may be that my analogy between literature and fashions in dress is a superficial one, and perhaps a little impertinent. But I am satisfied that often it is a more modest and more suitable explanation of the course of events than the more pretentious theory of evolution. I may seem reactionary in these scientific days thus to lay aside a system of interpreting the historical facts of literature for one which is so obviously less well regulated, and which does not conform to our insistent demand for orderliness and completeness of explanation. To revert from the theory of evolution as our basis of interpretation to one which must often omit the elements of cause and development is admittedly a step backward. That is, unless the end in view is Truth, and unless we are willing to take literary history as we actually find it, without making it over to fit our preconceived interpretation.

I may say in conclusion that I do not deny the possibility of applying the theory of evolution to a period of literature, even to the illustration I have been using, the novel of the nineteenth century. What I wish to emphasize is that the application of the theory must always be tested; that we must never rest content on the assumption of progress "nascent" in any literary form without a careful examination into the actuality of all four relations which make up the theory—Time, Continuity, Causality, Progress. If we are to go on in our desire to know the Truth, we can never be willing to settle back upon what we have already conceived to be the Truth, "that easy pillow for whoso has not the courage to search deeper."

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## THE SEEDS OF WAR

Not long ago a paper devoted to the spreading of radical social and political doctrines quoted an English public man as being horrified at the idea of retaliatory measures against Germany as a punishment for bringing on the war, but as affirming that it is the intention in England to insist on such measures, and so "cultivate the seeds of future wars." Such a statement as this is interesting for a great many reasons, but it is perhaps most interesting as an evidence of the cocksureness of the doctrinaire type of mind, which has no doubt but that what it disapproves of must necessarily be the seeds of war. Others, however, may not feel so certain that proving war to be unprofitable for those who resort to it is inevitably sowing the seeds of future conflicts, and it may be worth while to consider if there are not other possible seeds of war, some of which may be unsuspected by political dogmatists.

Numberless thinkers have designated the causes of war in more or less convincing fashion, but the conclusion of a nineteenth-century Frenchman will serve best to illustrate what the English public man and his American correspondent both seem to overlook. This Frenchman says that wars originate in misunderstandings, and by "misunderstandings" he means misconceptions by one nation of the purposes and character of another. This view would seem to be borne out by the perverted opinions entertained by the Germans of their enemies, but it will be necessary to apply the word to a misunderstanding of a more fundamental kind if even the recent war is to be explained. This deeper misunderstanding is an erroneous notion of what can be accomplished in this world, that is, of the limitations on the powers of individuals and of nations. The Germans believed their covetous desires capable of realization, and they undertook the war to attain political and economic supremacy by means of their army. They thought they could do it, but they misunderstood the power of non-material forces, and it was this misunderstanding that led them to do what hate and suspicion alone might not have been sufficient to cause.

This misunderstanding will be possible as long as human nature remains what it is. It is, of course, to be hoped that less and less gross exhibitions of it will occur as knowledge and experience become greater, but some things in present-day civilization cultivate this particular error, and it is a question whether extreme radicalism is not one of the greatest of them.

The fact that extreme radicalism cultivates erroneous notions of what is possible is shown by the French Revolution and by the present Russian chaos. Lenin and Trotsky may have been in German pay, but their followers have certainly not all been corrupted by Teutonic bribes, and if these did not believe in the feasibility of the fantastic and visionary doctrines they profess, Russia would not be to-day a breeding place of political and social disorders more threatening to civilization than the German autocracy ever was in its recently ended war against humanity.

It seems anomalous that radicalism should have this effect, for it professes enlightened and unselfish aims, and is a manifestation of liberalism, to which modern civilization owes more than it does to any other influence. Extreme liberals, however, illustrate Aristotle's axiom that a virtue in excess is a vice, and Madame Roland's own experience, as well as the course of history, justifies modifying her famous utterances to: "O liberalism, what tyrannies have been perpetrated by your extreme devotees!"

Yet it isn't only the excess of liberalism that makes it a vice, for there are certain tenets in the liberal creed that are peculiarly likely to prove dangerous guides to the human intellect. John Stuart Mill was perhaps the most complete expositor of its doctrines, and some of the things he says indicate what may be its weaknesses.

Mill says, for instance: "The liberal looks forward for his principles of government; a tory looks backward." This seems to put the liberal in the progressive class and make the tory a reactionary. It is like applying the parable of the Greek philosopher to the tory. According to this parable, if you hold a stick before a herd of sheep the leader will jump over it, and even if the stick is withdrawn, every succeeding sheep will jump at that spot just because his predecessor has done so. It may be

true that the Tories who persistently adhere to the practices of the past are like the too-imitative sheep, but it doesn't follow that it is an entirely safe proceeding to look entirely to the future for principles. It is obviously proper to look to the future for improvement and for a realization of an ideal, but it is equally obvious that the past must be studied to avoid previous mistakes and to perceive what principles govern human society. If the past is not a demonstration of what is feasible, it certainly is a warning against many things that are dangerous or incapable of realization, and for this negative reason alone it is worth studying, even if we do not believe that civilization is a growing organism, the laws of whose development may be perceived from the course of human history.

It is thus an unsafe thing to base legislation on speculation alone, but there is a special reason why the liberal, or at least the believer in Mill's doctrines, should not do it. All knowledge is experience, says Mill, following Locke, Hume, and other rationalistic founders of modern philosophy; so to try to disregard human experience in social and political matters does not seem very reasonable in those who attach such extreme importance to logical consistency. Of course Mill would argue that liberals only mean to disregard the irrational practices of the past, not its admonitions or lessons, but even the most scholarly liberal writers have shown a marked temporal provinciality, that is, a disposition to judge all periods according to modern standards, while the extreme liberal is usually fanatically contemptuous of the past.

Another thing that makes liberalism, even in its temperate manifestations, likely to cultivate a one-sided view, is the rationalistic basis of its convictions. Lord Morley associates the movement with positivism, that is, with the doctrine that only sensibly or intellectually perceptible things are significant. It is as if he reversed the invective of Jude from: "In what they know naturally as brute beasts, in that they corrupt themselves." to: "By what we perceive with our senses or measure with our minds alone can we exalt ourselves."

The result of this extreme rationalism, while undoubtedly a salutary check to superstition and dogmatism, is, however, an

exaggerated trust in mechanical schemes of government. Anything that does not definitely provide for all possible contingencies is distrusted by these political Gradgrinds. One of the most obvious things demonstrated by history is that successful governments have always been guided by some sort of intuition in their leaders. The machinery of government, even a philistine admits, is not what gives efficiency; it is the end towards which the machinery is directed. It is not the excellence of a nation's laws so much as the intelligence and integrity of the men who administer them, and the enlightenment of the public sentiment that supports them that determines their worth, and that worth is increased when latitude is given to realize their spirit instead of imposing adherence to their letter. The ultra rationalistic liberal, however, distrusts anything so immaterial as intuition. He distrusts it because it is superrational, and because he wants to direct the future with the same exactness that the extreme tory is directed by the past. Intuition is a variable thing, and there must be nothing irregular in the scheme of government to foster or shelter abuses as superstition did in the theocracies of the past, says the extreme liberal, and to avoid this danger he is likely to devote so much attention to devising elaborate governmental mechanism that he neglects or ignores the far more important power that operates it, that is, the intelligence and the sentiment of the governors and the governed.

Still another prominent characteristic of the liberal, according to Mill, is "a desire for unity with one's fellow-creatures." This looks like a wholly virtuous desire, and no doubt it expresses a very noble purpose; but it can also, in excess, obviously lead to much evil, although that is likely to be overlooked in a humanitarian age.

The desire for agreement with our fellow-creatures may make us indifferent to truths not generally perceived or appreciated. It may cause us to prefer mediocrity to superiority, because adopting the standards of mediocrity will bring us into agreement with the largest proportion of our fellow-creatures. This, of course, is directly counter to the philosophy based on Darwinism, which the extreme liberals make their gospel; for if evolution only is possible by the development of the superior type,

why cultivate the lower order? The parallel may not be exact between the biological and the social world, for there may be considerable artificial selection in human society that makes the ruling or the property-holding classes far from representing the superior individuals by which, among animals, the species is modified for the better. Nevertheless it is plain that the progress of civilization is due to a relatively few individuals who, aided by favorable environment, gifted by superior natural endowment, or driven by stern necessity, have extended human knowledge or power, just as certain animals have perpetuated or extended their species by showing superior ability to modify their physical powers to suit their environment. Being in agreement with one's fellow-creatures is thus not the most certain way to ensure that we are forwarding civilization, even according to the reasoning of those who profess it as one of their chief virtues.

Another thing about liberalism that makes it peculiarly subject to error is the fact that it has developed, as has frequently been pointed out, coincidently with the growth of sympathy in modern society. Sympathy is one of the noblest emotions that can fill the human breast, but it is, perhaps for that very reason, one of the most dangerous. Sympathy without discrimination may lead us to commiserate the criminal when the interests of society demand that we should be relentless toward the crime. The liberal, however, according to Mill's definition of his qualities, is far more likely to be conscious of the suffering criminal, who is definite and concrete, than he is of the outraged law, which is not a material thing and not impressive to his matter-of-fact intellect. Therefore we have much in the way of maudlin sentimentality about prison reform and the abolition of capital punishment emanating from persons of liberal pretensions. This is often nothing but pushing indulgence in sympathy so far as to make its objects include evil as well as good, and this certainly is a dangerous thing to do, for it means cultivating a disposition to sympathize with lawlessness and violence, and that is what we find advanced radicals constantly doing.

The way in which extreme advocates of liberty have contributed to the success of the absolutism they opposed so violently, as in the case of Rome and eighteenth-century France, where their

excesses paved the way for a despotism, may be explained by the pronounced human tendency to swing from one extreme to the other. In the case of the Russian Bolsheviki, however, we have an open alliance between radicalism and autocracy, and it is harder to account for voluntary coöperation than for unwilling assistance. Yet a possible explanation may be suggested by a remark of Augustine Birrell to the effect that liberalism is a state of mind rather than a creed. This is not a very startling statement, for all creeds are nothing but manifestations of states of mind, and liberalism has no monopoly of that characteristic. What is to be remembered, though, is that similar states of mind may result in the development of opposite convictions. Hume has pointed out how intense enthusiasm for one's own native region can be traced to an egotistic disposition to exalt those things with which we are associated, and that the very same disposition will cause us to depreciate native and extol foreign things if, by residence abroad or other personal connection, doing so serves to emphasize our distinction. The selfish rich man insists on the sanctity of property; the selfish poor violently attack wealth, but the state of mind of both is identical; it is simply the habit of thinking in accordance with the most obvious self-interest. In the case of the autocracy of Germany and the maximalist democracy of Russia we have just this situation. Both have the desire to realize gross material aspirations by the employment of force. The German ruling class seeks to exploit the things that it possesses; inherited power and property, and all the privileges of the mediæval social system. The Bolsheviki, on the other hand, desire to destroy these things, but that doesn't make their philosophy different from that of the Germans, for both alike seek only to make such changes as will be to their own advantage. In algebra if we reverse signs we get the same result, and the German Junkers and the Russian Bolsheviki may simply be the positive and negative aspects of the same thing, that is, direct and unqualified self-interest.

But there are other things that unite the radical maximalists and the reactionary militarists. Both are grossly materialistic, and yet both put excessive trust in visionary theories that material knowledge proves impossible, and only vanity and folly

make credible. The Bolsheviki, with their fatuous notions that the war could be ended and society entirely reformed by adopting their plans, are no worse than the German imperialists, with their implicit trust that the course of the war would follow their predictions, and that holy wars, insurrections in India, hyphenated domination of the United States, and many other much more fantastic things could all be invoked to aid them.

These and other elements of the state of mind of the Bolsheviki and their supposed German opposites may establish an instinctive sympathy between them, and this sympathy may explain why the Bolsheviki, while preaching extreme democracy, have worked feverishly to assist autocracy. Many apparent anomalies in history can perhaps be explained if we assume that men, besides struggling to achieve their conscious aims, are instinctively led to attempt to perpetuate the types of which they feel themselves to be the representatives; so that not only is it true that extremes meet, but they are also often identical intrinsically. Charles Lamb says that man may be divided into two classes: those who borrow, and those who lend; and it may be that this whimsical absurdity has some truth in it. Certainly it would seem as though, if men were divided according to their fundamental convictions, we should have two classes: one of which believes in the possibility of the fool's paradise, while the other recognizes the law that action and reaction are equal, and that, consequently, possession or achievement necessitates compensating sacrifice or labor. The Bolsheviki had foolish notions that refusing to fight would end the war; the German militarists had equally fantastic ideas about the will to victory being decisive, that is, that they would win because they desired to do so more vehemently than their enemies, just as if a child were sure to get the moon if it cried loudly enough for it. These things and many others show a similar state of mind in the radical Bolsheviki of Russia and the reactionary militarists of Germany, the two elements that did most to cause and prolong the greatest of all wars, and may we not assume that in this state of mind we have something which may be regarded as the seeds of war?

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## A BRICK AT A NEW LITERARY IDOL\*

A characteristic if singular turn of the literary fashion of to-day is the laudation of Samuel Butler's posthumous novel, *The Way of All Flesh*. A novel at least he intended it to be,<sup>1</sup> and it is written in the manner of a novel; but in reality it is more a criticism, by a clever and sometimes very sound and sane observer, of certain relations of the Church of England to English society about the middle of the nineteenth century, and still more of the relations of English children to their parents, especially—but not solely—in a clergyman's family. As such the book is worth reading—ininitely more so than a great deal of fiction which has been more popular, both before and since *The Way of All Flesh* was published in 1903. This fact, though, does not make it one of the great novels of our literature, as there is a fashion of calling it. Because this fashion seems to be spreading, there is reason for examining *The Way of All Flesh* to see on what its claims to greatness are based. When such an examination is made soberly, with intelligent understanding of what constitutes a great novel, the conclusion is likely to be that the present vogue of *The Way of All Flesh* will soon take the course indicated in its title. Though the merits of the book, coupled with some (but not very great) importance of Samuel Butler in the history of English literature, will always draw readers to it, it is doubtful if it will long be read widely. Just now there is a Butler fad in the English-speaking world. When this has passed, laudation of *The Way of All Flesh* will pass too. Seventy or eighty years hence, it will probably be known about as much as Samuel Warren's *Ten Thousand a Year* is known to-day. That was a famous novel seventy-five years ago,

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<sup>1</sup> It is quite right to judge the work by the standards of a novel. Butler's biographers, Mr. Cannan and Mr. Harris, call it a novel without hesitation. One of many signs that Butler himself so regarded it is his remark that he need not describe Ernest's Cambridge days in detail, "as the life of a quiet steady-going graduate has been told in a score of novels better than I can tell it."—Ch. XLV.

and it is still well worth the reading for the many good things in it, though now little read and undeniably *long*.

There is a difference, though, in the abiding interest of the two books. *Ten Thousand a Year* has managed to keep alive because of its intrinsic merits; despite exaggeration and tedium, there is plenty of real human nature in it. *The Way of All Flesh*, by no means without such interest, is more likely to be remembered chiefly as an example of a tendency which future critics will look on as amusingly curious, though probably inevitable according to the laws of action and reaction. To be in the fashion, it has been necessary, ever since the present century came in, to condemn the ideals of fifty years ago. Now the standards, artistic and moral, of our proper Victorian predecessors were not perfect; but neither are those of our own generation. Have we really advanced in æsthetic perception? In our conduct have we really freed ourselves from the shackles of hypocrisy? The swing of the pendulum, to be sure, has often been more theoretical than actual; and that is why critics in the future are likely to find so many of our opinions funny. Good souls on every hand will damn the Victorians up and down, who are either happily too decent or too timid and prudish ever to be anything but Victorian in their own lives. And of such are many admirers of *The Way of All Flesh*.

The story deals with the fortunes of various members of an English family named Pontifex, especially of Ernest Pontifex, who is proclaimed the hero. It is not a pleasant story; it is, to say the least, sordid and depressing. But a summary of it is necessary to make clear what people of the nicest refinement are praising as a "great novel" and recommending to their friends.

Theobald Pontifex, grandson of an old village carpenter of character and thrift, and son of George Pontifex, a vulgarly successful and hard business man, receives a university education, enters the Church, and as a curate is beguiled into marriage with the somewhat old-maidish Christina Affaby, a clergyman's daughter a few years his senior. Ernest, born in 1835, the same year as Samuel Butler himself, is the eldest of their three children. Brought up in the harshest clerical discipline at home, Ernest is hardly aware, when he is sent away to school, of the

hypocrisy and cruelty of the teachers, especially the head-master, Dr. Skinner. His only real friends are his godfather, Mr. Overton, a family friend of all the Pontifexes and the supposed teller of the tale, and his father's sister, Miss Alethea Pontifex, a lady endowed, in the author's mind, with daring independence, sense, frankness, and charm. Unfortunately for Ernest she dies when he is still a schoolboy, but she secretly leaves £15,000 for him in trust to Mr. Overton, to be paid to him, with accumulated interest, when he is twenty-eight.

At Cambridge, where Ernest first enjoys independence, he is for once in his life fairly happy. But his happiness is short-lived. Without the least inclination for the Church, he takes orders because parental teaching has never allowed him to think of any other career. Desiring to understand the lower classes, he lives in a poor district of London at the lodging-house of "Mrs." Jupp, a lady of indubitably shady past whose present is more reputable only because of advancing years. Here, excited by meeting a prostitute named Snow, who receives among other young men the handsome, well-bred, and well-dressed Towneley, the college friend who had most charmed Ernest, the young clergyman caps a series of incredibly foolish blunders by taking another young woman lodger, Miss Maitland, for the same kind of person as Miss Snow. But she is quite different, and the result of Ernest's misplaced proposals is six months in jail.

When Ernest comes out, his clerical career of course blasted, he has little aim in life till he falls in with Ellen, a former servant of his mother's, who had been turned away for being with child. She has been in jail herself and is now a street-walker, but she looks fresh and innocent, and Ernest having found her a good mistress, proceeds to make her his wife. Together they set up an old-clothes shop which is tolerably successful, and the "hero" is tolerably happy. Lacking in common-sense, as always, he never suspects that Ellen is a drunkard, as she has long been, till some months after their first child is born. When he is thoroughly tired of his wife, Ernest is fortunate enough to run across his father's old coachman, John, the original seducer of the girl, and to discover that John and Ellen have been married. He sends Ellen about her business; and showing for once some

sense if not natural affection, he puts their two children to board in the family of a bargeman down the Thames, who is to bring them up in ignorance of their parentage.

Ernest comes into his money, much increased by the wise care of Mr. Overton, just in time to respond to the hypocritically forgiving summons of his father to his mother's deathbed. To her his arrival is a very real joy, for her exaggerated religion had never quite stifled Christina's maternal instinct; to his father, however, he is a distressingly well-dressed, well-to-do, and altogether unorthodox prodigal. He never reveals himself as their father to his own children, who grow up untroubled by education, and marry happily into the family of the bargeman or some similar neighboring family. Ernest himself has money enough to travel on the Continent whenever he wishes, with his elderly friend, Mr. Overton, and to live in comfortable bachelor chambers in London, a writer favorably but not widely known. At last he has found himself and attained happiness.

Such is the story of *The Way of All Flesh*, and surely it is not because of the story that the book is so highly praised. A vast number of its admirers, we must remember, are such decently conventional people that if anybody of their acquaintance did a quarter, or even a tenth, of the things which Ernest does, and was found out, they would cut him dead. The cause of admiration must be, then, either the ideas, or Butler's method of expressing them, or both.

Decidedly there are interesting and significant ideas in the novel, at times forcibly expressed, as there are bound to be in anything from Butler's pen. His strength lies in pointing out with shrewd common sense the follies and hypocrisies of his countrymen. Unfortunately his comment is generally negative rather than positive. He notes a fault or eccentricity here and another there, and occasionally he emphasizes a vice by putting stress on the antithetical virtue; but fundamentally he is not constructive. When he comes to the building of either character or argument, in fact to any organic composition, he is likely to become uneven or to break down. Moreover, the manifestation of his power is apt to seem complacent or conscious. Admirers of Butler do him poor service in quoting frequently, as

they do, a certain entry in his *Note-Books*, for it points to one of his greatest faults. "I am the *enfant terrible* of literature and science," he proclaimed with evident pride. "If I cannot . . . get the big-wigs to give me a shilling, I can . . . heave bricks into the middle of them." Here is conscious and self-satisfied iconoclasm with a vengeance! Spontaneous iconoclasm, even if savage, may excite admiration, but not iconoclasm which one suspects of being worked up. And Butler's iconoclasm is not only too obviously worked up but also too often misdirected. The trouble is not that he lacks ideas and theories. Even a superficial examination of his works shows that he has them in plenty and that he states them with emphasis. But too often the emphasis is made more important than the thought; the thought itself is not constructive; or if it is, our own experience makes us doubt its truth.

*The Way of All Flesh*, though not published till 1903, the year after Butler's death, was begun in the early seventies; it was finished some ten years later. About the time of its beginning, two other important works of Butler appeared, *Erewhon* and *The Fair Haven*; and many entries then, and still more before the conclusion of the novel, had been made in the *Note-Books*. The characteristics of the earlier works are the characteristics of the novel too. As in them, its comments on English life range all the way from such as are keenly true and spontaneously daring to others that are mistaken or forced. In fact many observations of the *Note-Books* are reproduced in the novel, sometimes in terms but little altered. There is the same cynical but by no means indefensible assertion, that of all losses in the world, "money losses are the worst."<sup>2</sup> There are the delightful attacks on militant virtue and the commendation of temperate vice. The assertion of Ernest's unscrupulous clerical friend, Pryer, that "no practice is entirely vicious which has not been extinguished among the comeliest, most vigorous, and most cultivated races of mankind,"<sup>3</sup> is close to Butler's own opinion, which all advocates of National Prohibition, and sundry others, should take well to heart: "The world can ill spare any vice

<sup>2</sup> *Note-Books*, London, 1912, p. 37.

<sup>3</sup> Ch. LII.

which has obtained long and largely among civilized people."<sup>4</sup> Observations like these richly justify a book; but for one of these there are apt to be, unfortunately, two or more that have written all over them that self-conscious, "I am the *enfant terrible* of literature."

Sometimes the would-be wickedness and cynicism are worse than forced; they are flat. There is reason for ridiculing that task assigned Dr. Skinner's unfortunate pupils of writing Alcaics about the dogs of the monks of St. Bernard. But when one of the boys, after the performance of the exercise, "for his own pleasure . . . wrote the following—

'The dogs of the monks of St. Bernard go  
To pick little children out of the snow,  
And around their necks is the cordial gin  
Tied with a little bit of bob-bin,'—

did he, as Butler seems to think, do anything so very clever? Are many of us moved to say with Ernest, "I should like to have written that"? Or does it really seem "awful," as Butler complacently declares, that Ernest should say that there are hardly any writings in the world "which seem so little to deserve their reputation" as some of the Psalms of David, and then go on, "I will take care never to read them myself?" Isn't this a pretty labored rendering of the self-appointed rôle of "*enfant terrible* of literature"?

Still more uneven is *The Way of All Flesh* in regard to the primary requisite of a great novel — characters. A novel may have the loosest possible structure, it may be improbably romantic or sordidly realistic, but if it is full of living characters who impress their reality on the reader in the dramatic way—that is, by what they say and do rather than by what the author says of them — then it is well on the road to greatness. Now Butler himself explains his characters much more than he allows them, by what they say and do and write, to explain themselves. It will be hard to find an English novel that has won even an iota of lasting fame, which has not far more conversation on its pages than *The Way of All Flesh*. With certain brilliant exceptions,

<sup>4</sup> *Note-Books*, p. 27.

<sup>5</sup> Ch. XLIV.

Butler lacks the dramatic ability which the greatest novelists have always had. Aunt Alethea, the one character of the book whom the author clearly wants us to like very much, we see not at all. To her is given no individualizing touch except a "wicked little laugh," which the reader must take solely on Butler's authority, for Butler never makes us hear it. Nor does Ernest, whom I suppose we should like, too, assume any more individuality. Nearly everything he says is likewise "with a laugh"; that is about the only distinctive touch given *him*; but you hear his laugh (presumably a Pontifex inheritance) no more than you do his aunt's. And here one can't help wondering if Butler was not unconsciously influenced by Defoe, one of the few English writers of fiction whom he is said to have known and admired. It is a commonplace of criticism that for all Defoe's amazing and telling minuteness in regard to things, he is bare in minutiae regarding people. But he has one unfailing method of trying to vivify them. Of every one to whom he thinks he has given the breath of life, he continually writes, so-and-so "said smiling." The perpetual, unindividual "smiling" of Defoe's characters is like the inevitable laugh of Alethea and Ernest Pontifex.

Yet Butler could make his people real enough at times—indeed one or two most of the time, if not always. It is quite real, Ernest's musing in the train about his aunt who has died, as he looks out of the window at her house on leaving school for college, and one of the few bits of feeling in the book that are sympathetic. And one character is thoroughly alive, Ernest's mother, Christina, who is Butler's masterpiece. Such blighting "Christian" women, with the natural spark of mother-love not quite extinguished in spite of all their conscientious efforts, are still to be found in clerical, and in not a few lay, households. Probably, alas! they always will be. Next to her in life is the very different woman, the disreputable Jupp, who is touched with a daring that is Shakespearean, though not always with Shakespearean sense of fitness. Theobald Pontifex, the narrow, hypocritical parson, is excellently imagined at least, if unevenly presented. So is his materialistic father. There are glimpses of reality, too, in Ernest's normal, healthy college friend, Towneley, and in

others. Then there are occasional little vivid scenes which the best novelists might be proud of, such as the city-bred Londoners' stopping in wonder to look at some young lambs in the Green Park on a balmy spring morning.<sup>6</sup> But all in all, scenes and people in *The Way of All Flesh* have not the reality that you expect in a great novel.

It is not only because Butler lacked the constructive ability to "see his characters through," so to speak, that they are unreal. Another reason is that frequently both people and scenes are in the story not because they naturally would be, given the characters so far as we can understand them, but because they help Samuel Butler to expound his queer theories. So the people will take the wrong path arbitrarily and unnaturally. Ernest, because of his early training, may be a fool; but is any graduate of a great university, even if he is an innocent clergyman, likely to be quite such a fool (it is hard not to leave blanks before the word *fool* for the discriminating reader to fill in appropriately) as to get sent to jail for six months for not distinguishing between a Miss Snow and a Miss Maitland; as to marry Ellen, the street-walker, and to live with her till after their first child is born without realizing that she drinks? No, the hero of *The Way of All Flesh* is as impossible as he is insufferable. The conclusion is inevitable that Ernest is less a human being than a puppet whom Butler puts through certain motions by way of illustrating his wry, ungainly views.

These views are a more fundamental fault in the book than imperfect characterization, for they *are* so wry. True, as Ernest Pontifex says to his godfather, "there are . . . a lot of shams which want attacking, and yet no one attacks them."<sup>7</sup> But did Butler always know the right shams to attack? The terrible blight of religious hypocrisy in its worst form—in the household of a commonplace, incompetent clergyman—distorted his boyhood vision, and he never saw straight to the end of his days. He is likely to hold his reader's sympathy so long as he confines himself to attacking certain aspects of clerical or educational life, but in other attacks he is likely to lose it.

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<sup>6</sup>Ch. LXXVI.

<sup>7</sup>Ch. LXXXIV.

Most conventions of civilization which have endured from generation to generation have in them something of sham, but a man of true vision sees in them also truth. May one not even defend some shams as Butler, with right common sense, defends some vices? If "the world can ill spare any vice which has obtained long and largely among civilized people," how about shams that have obtained equally long and largely? And are all the marks for Butler's bricks really shams? There are headmasters of schools who, like Dr. Skinner, are vain and odious; but others, like Dr. Arnold, have been revered and loved in the memory of their pupils. Unmarried men and women, who have observed the usual effect of matrimony on friendship, are not likely to hear of the engagement of a good friend with unmixed joy; nor is it only a self-indulgent father like Mr. Woodhouse who is not wholly delighted at the marriage of a devoted daughter. The world has always known that there is seldom gain without some loss. If a sweetness and tenderness come to full bloom in the happily married man which may be nipped in the bud in a bachelor, on the other hand, the dash and daring of a free-lance, the devil-may-care readiness for anything, the good comradeship, that so endear a man to his bachelor friends, are too apt to wither and die in married life. Even so, is one justified in arguing that a man generally reaches his best happiness either by keeping out of marriage, or if he falls into it, by discovering, like Ernest, that his supposed wife fortunately has an earlier and undivorced husband, and by getting rid of his children, so that he is free as the wind to go where he listeth?

Butler's attack on marriage, one may argue, is not to be taken very seriously. No doubt it is more humorously intended than the attacks on secondary schools and the hypocrisy of Anglican clergymen. But not so the attack on the relations of children to parents, the grimmest, unloveliest thing in the book. From beginning to end, never is it admitted that parents may be just, kind, or self-sacrificing; always is it taught that children owe no debt to their parents. In all seeming sincerity, comes the lament of the supposed narrator<sup>\*</sup> regarding his alleged love for

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<sup>\*</sup> Ch. LXXXVI.

the inanimate hero:—"at times I am half afraid . . . that I may have been to him more like a father than I ought; if I have, I trust he has forgiven me."

If this gloomy philosophy of Samuel Butler is true, why the glorification of family love in literature from the beginning of time, especially of mother-love, which is one of the sweetest, wholesomest things in Sir James Barrie's writings to-day, as it has been in the writings of so many before him? Happily our every-day experience, no less than the books we read, proves that even parents as harshly logical as those of Miss Edgeworth's poor little Rosamond (who preferred the purple jar to new shoes) are really in their mistaken way fond of their children; and that their children remain as lovingly loyal as Ernest Pontifex was rebellious. His relations with his parents are no more normal than is his folly with Miss Maitland and Ellen. Fathers like Theobald Pontifex and mothers like Christina do exist, but it is gross misrepresentation to present them as usual rather than exceptional. The title of Butler's novel is a misnomer. *The Way of SOME Flesh* would do very well, but not *The Way of ALL Flesh*.

The novel, "the book by which" Butler "desired chiefly to be remembered,"\* is usually called his best work, and perhaps rightly; if not more readable than *Erewhon*, with which he first won fame in 1872, it is more mature and more representative. In his work in general there is the same iconoclastic philosophy, with nothing constructive except fanciful suggestions regarding the *Odyssey* and Shakespeare's *Sonnets*; there are flashes of genius followed by pages of tedium; there is misunderstanding as well as understanding of human nature; along with artistic feeling there is much insensitiveness and unskilfulness. In *Erewhon*, for instance, after five chapters of narrative of adventure in the best manner of Defoe, you are plunged without warning into satire which is itself far from congruous. It begins with what might be called inverted satire (like that of so much of *Gulliver*), as the Erewhonian reprobation of sickness and reverence for health and comeliness; then it passes—again without warning—

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\* John F. Harris, *Samuel Butler*, p. 216. 1916.

into what we may call parrelled satire, as in the Erewhonians' indifference to their Musical Banks, which resemble in so many ways the churches in England. It is this kind of satire which seems out of place, for the proper names—like *Erewhon* for *Nowhere* and *Yram* for *Mary*—all suggest that everything is upside down. Now there is no law against jumbling together incongruities; one may violate all the canons of art, provided that the result is successful. But generally regard, rather than disregard, for these canons produces good results. Defoe was wise in keeping *Captain Singleton* straight narrative, just as Swift was wise in holding to one kind of satire in *Gulliver's voyage* to the Lilliputians and to another kind in the voyage to the Laputans.

In *Erewhon Revisited*, published twenty-nine years after *Erewhon*, Butler shows the same unwisdom in mixing different kinds of writing; only now there is relatively more interest than before in the narrative, because the satire is duller. But though Butler took pride in the characters of the later book, as is plain from a new preface to *Erewhon*, written just after the sequel had appeared, they are a lifeless lot; more than the people of *The Way of All Flesh*, they show Butler's lack of dramatic power. A lady of apparently unsullied reputation in *Erewhon* now appears as the mother of an illegitimate son. Though intended as the same kind of sensible woman as Alethea Pontifex, like Alethea she is individualized only by speaking "with a laugh" or "laughing." The narrative of *Erewhon Revisited*, however, is not of interest solely by comparison with the duller satire. It has a real interest in the meetings of the explorer, Higgs, with his illegitimate son, and later in the meeting of his other son, who has been brought up in England, with the Erewhonian half-brother. And like its predecessor, the sequel rises to high interest in the story of the wild passes, valleys, and rivers of the Range, especially the mysterious pass of the statues. It is a pity that Butler was not more inclined to writing of this sort. Tales of manly adventure might have won him a greater name than his *enfant terrible* realism.

But probably Butler's mind was not steady enough to allow his carrying through a good consistent story of adventure. His illogical thought and his disregard of obvious artistic fitness are

both so marked that we are forced to the conclusion that his mind was not quite balanced. Consider *The Fair Haven*, which was published the year after *Erewhon*. The introductory *Memoir*, which is pure fiction, contains the delightful story of two little boys and a lady who visited their mother, and who, because the house was small, had to sleep in their nursery. The boys kept themselves awake till she came to bed, in the hope (to be disappointed) of her giving them something. Disappointment turned to amazement when the lady undressed and the little boys discovered "that the mass of petticoats and clothes which envelop the female form were not . . . all solid woman." Somehow the lady seemed a sham, and the impression grew into a certainty that she personified the shams of the world, when it appeared in the course of her visit that if she thought the little boys were asleep, she never said her prayers, but when she knew that they were awake "she knelt down by the bedside and prayed in sonorous accents." This is realism worthy of Fielding. But the argument for which it prepares the way, against the Resurrection and the Christian miracles, Butler must needs couch in such deep, though mocking, irony as actually to deceive some of his readers. Did he think the scriptural stories, whose never-failing beauty he ought to have felt as much as their incidental unreason, too childish for straightforward discussion? Surely he could not have thought the cloak of irony necessary in discussing Christianity in the free-thinking seventies of the nineteenth century. Whatever his motive, his judgment was at fault. No wonder the book destroyed much of the reputation that *Erewhon* had built up. In spite of some skilful irony, most of it is dull; and it has antagonized readers not by its substance but by its sneering superiority.

Then there is that elaborate argument that a very young unmarried woman, probably the Princess Nausicaa, wrote the *Odyssey*—an argument which his biographers tell us Butler made quite seriously.<sup>10</sup> Even in that delicious chapter, *The Whitewashing of Penelope*, we are assured that "Butler's mind . . . was not the mind of the parodist"; his purpose "was

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<sup>10</sup> John F. Harris, *Samuel Butler*, Ch. VI. London, 1916.

perfectly serious and legitimate." However that may be, the chapter contains much excellent humor which is close to parody. If one never realized it before, one does now, that Penelope, in playing the part of an ideally loyal wife, does not always carry conviction, to say the least. It is for this excellent humor that one remembers the chapter rather than for the attempt to prove that a girl, in some sense a rival of Penelope's, glosses over certain dubious actions of the Ithacan queen because, though momentarily interested in Ulysses, she is really a man-hater, and so more interested in women in general than in any man. It would be kinder to Butler to think of him here as providing fun for his readers rather than arguing soberly and seriously, as his biographers make him. You might almost as well take seriously his explanation — and devoutest Wordsworthians, if they have any sense of humor, ought to like it — of the poem about Lucy, who "dwelt among the untrodden ways" — that Wordsworth murdered her in order to avoid a suit for breach of promise.<sup>11</sup>

Samuel Butler, then, judged by his books—and nothing in the accounts of his life points to the contrary—seems to have been a man of fitful, uneven gifts, whose mind was not balanced. Its best expression is in disconnected notes, as in the flashes of genius in the *Note-Books*, for its power lies in disconnected fault-finding. Incoherent, unconstructive, Butler offers us nothing to live by. Yet Butler is one of the idols of the day. As a satirist he has been ranked with Swift; as a novelist, with Fielding; and since 1908, there have been annual "*Erewhon* dinners" in London in his memory, with the number of diners steadily increasing, up to the outbreak of the war. Strange as this Butler cult may seem when analyzed, there are several reasons for it. The soundest is Butler's real but very limited power; the others all go back to the fashion, already noted among people who think themselves original to-day, of decrying everything Victorian. In this Butler was a pioneer. When the great Victorians were still at the height of their popularity, he anticipated later criticism by beginning to heave bricks at them. It is this early revolt from Victorian leadership which accounts for much of the esteem

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<sup>11</sup> Henry Festing Jones, *Sketch of the Life of Samuel Butler*. London, 1913.

in which Butler is held. It constitutes also his principal claim to importance in the history of English literature.

The revolt was to be expected as the inevitable reaction from earlier tendencies, but it need not have led, as it has too often, to an attitude of mind singularly narrow. Liking the new seems equivalent to hating and abusing the old. Nothing good can possibly be conceded to the old. Tennyson, as one of the most influential of Victorians, has been especially marked out for reprobation. Because he stated so gravely what had at least been already suspected, that "kind hearts are more than coronets," there are those who cannot see that *Break, break, break*, *The Lady of Shalott*, and *Crossing the Bar* are among the exquisite lyrics of all time. Because we may be tired of hearing that Lancelot's "honor rooted in dishonor stood," there are those who cannot see that the *Idylls* as a whole remain forever a great poem—splendid, beautiful, noble.

This exaggerated fault-finding of later criticism is a main reason for the popularity of Butler, who abundantly anticipated it, even to particular attacks on the Victorian Laureate. His limitations prevented his seeing Tennyson's greatness; he could see nothing but his faults, and he tried to make his readers, too, see nothing else. So his disciples, in attempts to excuse his exaggeration, are themselves often forced into exaggeration which is close to misrepresentation. Thus Mr. Gilbert Cannan,<sup>12</sup> by way of justifying Butler's critical opinions, gives the impression that in the age in which Samuel Butler grew up, Shakespeare was thought to have "a greater successor in Tennyson"; and Mr. John F. Harris<sup>13</sup> echoes the thought approvingly. Could anything be more misleading? The opinion may have been held by stray individuals, for equally odd individual opinions may be found at any time. I heard a lover of Butler and all his works confess only the other day that he could not see much in Shakespeare; he intimated that he found more in Butler. In the eighteenth century, Colley Cibber's version of *Richard III* and Aaron Hill's of *Henry V* were regarded as improvements on the Bard

<sup>12</sup> Samuel Butler, Ch. I. London, 1915.

<sup>13</sup> Samuel Butler, *Author of Erewhon*, Introduction. London, 1916.

of Avon's. And His Majesty King George III told Fanny Burney that if people only dared speak the truth, most of them would declare Shakespeare to be sad stuff. So individual dislike of Shakespeare at any given time counts for nothing. What does count is leading opinion that guides thought; and not one eminent Victorian critic ever so much as hinted that Tennyson was Shakespeare's superior. In fact there was clear intimation to the contrary in a sonnet on the great Elizabethan by one Arnold, a critic of some repute in the days before the Victorians fell from grace. "Others abide our question. Thou art free," he begins his sonnet; and he goes on to speak of Shakespeare as "out-topping knowledge."

Two other phases of the literary revolt of the end of the nineteenth century Butler anticipated, as surely as he did the unfair exaggeration of Victorian faults; and here again are reasons for his popularity. The reaction from Victorian self-satisfaction led naturally to conscious, affected iconoclasm; and the limitations of Victorian realism made likely either a return to the broader realism of English fiction in the eighteenth century or to the importation of continental realism. But if Butler was a prophet of both of these changes, in both he has been outshone by later writers.

Conscious iconoclasm by no means originated in English literature with Samuel Butler. You find it in fiction as far back as Beckford's *Vathek*; you find it again in the mid-nineteenth century in Peacock, Disraeli, and Bulwer. We know it best today in the brilliant paradoxes of Wilde, Mr. George Moore, and Mr. Shaw, and in their frequently topsy-turvy philosophy. All these three writers have at once been more gifted and become better known than Samuel Butler. Mr. Moore, for instance, writes with infinitely more charm, and in his best books is never dull. And they, often wilful and deliberate "shockers" like Butler, have had much to do in educating the public to relishing ideas of Butler which—like that about the Psalms—he fondly hoped would seem "awful." Yet it is to be remembered that Butler was before them all; that *Erewhon* came out in 1872, before any of the three was known in print. It is with its rather pale appearance there that the later fashion of iconoclasm begins—

a fashion which reaches a brilliant climax in Mr. Moore's *Confessions of a Young Man*.

Whether or not Mr. Moore owes anything to Butler in this, in another and more important aspect of his work, dates of publication prove him quite independent, though again Butler is a daring pioneer. The bolder realism of the recent English novel, which is so different from the tempered realism of the earlier Victorians, comes partly from a return to eighteenth-century traditions, but more from acquaintance with continental realism. In Mark Twain, one of the first to suggest the new realism, its source is mainly in robust old English models, and so it is in Butler; in Mr. Moore and others, the source is mainly continental. Even were all drawing inspiration from the same source, it would not be Butler whom they would have to thank for it. There is none of the more outspoken realism in *Erewhon*, his one book to influence literary fashion during his own life; there is only a hint of it—a brilliant one indeed—in *The Fair Haven*, in the introductory *Memoir*. *The Way of All Flesh*, in which there is much of this realism, was begun, it is true, as early as 1872 or '73, but it was not finished till 1885 and not published till 1903, the year after its author's death. It could have had no influence, therefore, on Mr. Moore, whose powerful though disagreeable novel, *A Mummer's Wife*, came out in 1884. Here is a work of the highest historical importance, for it is the most outspoken English novel from a notable hand since Smollett, and the first to bring across the Channel the kind of realism that had long been familiar on the Continent. Its date is early enough, too, to make it possible that it was of service to Butler in the last revision of his own novel, though there is no hint or evidence of his making such use of it. And before *The Way of All Flesh* was published, *A Mummer's Wife* had been followed by the stronger and much wholesomer *Esther Waters*, and by Mr. Hardy's *Tess* and *Jude*. So it is only an interesting coincidence, and not an event pregnant with results, that Butler's novel anticipates the unsparing realism of later English fiction.

The importance of Samuel Butler, then, in English literature is mainly that of a brick-heaver. It was his joy to demolish Victorian opinions; quite unabashed he would let fly his missiles

at the most cherished ideals of his generation. All honor to him for his courage, even if we may often wish it more wisely and skilfully exhibited! Sometimes he threw his bricks very clumsily and ill-advisedly, for no better reason than that he was possessed of the mania of brick-throwing; again he threw them with notable grace and strength at appropriate marks. There is that crashing brick near the end of *Erewhon*, hurled at the excesses of reason—"Reason uncorrected by instinct is as bad as instinct uncorrected by reason." That again is a truth for all reformers, especially legislators, to take to heart. But for such brilliant occasional flashes, one must put up with much labored, self-conscious iconoclasm which is not brilliant.

Though the most appropriate expression of Butler's incoherent genius is the *Note-Books*, though in them there is relatively more of his best than we find anywhere else, he will probably be better remembered by two other works. There is enough interest in the satire of *Erewhon* and the story of *The Way of All Flesh* to make it likely that they, at least, will be republished from time to time, and so through them Butler will continue to be known. But the day of his idolization cannot last long. The fashion will pass of seeing in every scoff at the Victorians a sign of genius; and when it does, Samuel Butler will no longer be acclaimed, even by a few enthusiasts, as the peer of Henry Fielding.

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## THE BEGINNING OF GEORGE ELIOT'S ART: A STUDY OF *SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE*

The exquisiteness of George Eliot's *Scenes of Clerical Life* grows on one—as one advances in years, I was going to say, and there is no need to withdraw the modifying clause. Youth, I think, is less susceptible to the quality of exquisiteness, less consciously appreciative of what is delicately fine. As the years go on, one seeks quiet enjoyment; the merely specious and the merely exciting no longer satisfy; the ear listens more willingly to the tenderly plaintive minor tones; the eye turns more readily to the quietly tinted scenes, sights more in harmony with those upon which the inward eye dwells.

If it be true that a full relish of these *Clerical Scenes* implies a wealth which age alone confers, it is no less true that their exquisiteness could only have sprung from a mind enriched with a bountiful store of memories. Their tone is tenderly pensive; their mood is retrospective. This retrospective note is struck at once. "Shepperton church was a very different looking building five-and-twenty years ago." So runs the opening sentence of "Amos Barton." The second *Scene* begins thus: "When Mr. Gilfil died, thirty years ago, there was general sorrow in Shepperton." "Janet's Repentance" opens with a conversation, but, in the first paragraph of the second chapter, we are told that "more than a quarter of a century has slipped by since then."

But, notwithstanding their reminiscent tone and the fact that they are drawn from the author's own observation, these sketches are true creations, exhibiting creative power of a high order. It is interesting to discover, in this her initial effort, many of the excellences which characterize her work in general, and many of the tendencies now recognized as the permanent features of her art. One of these tricks of method is her habit of fetching her similes from nature. Sometimes the figure of speech is her own personal expression, sometimes it is put into the mouth of some one of her *dramatis personæ*. Often the figure chosen is quite in keeping with the occupation or special interest of the

speaker. It is, for example, entirely fitting that Mr. Bates, the gardener at Cheverel Manor, in commenting on Tina's physical delicacy, should say, "She's as nesh and dilicate as a paich blossom—welly like a linnet, wi' only joost body enoof to hold her voice." And again, "She gets more nesh and dilicate than iver. I shouldn't wonder if she fades away laike them cyclamens as I transplanted. She puts me in maind on 'em semehow, hangin' on their little thin stalks, so white and tinder." Some of Mrs. Poyser's comparisons are especially well placed; indeed, they seem just such as would naturally occur to one acquainted with farm life and concerned with the feeding of hungry people. Her praise of Mr. Irwine, for instance, seems to take on an added significance as coming from the lips of the mistress of the Hall Farm: "It's sommat-like to see such a man as that in the desk of a Sunday! As I say to Poyser, it's like looking at a full crop o' wheat or a pasture with a fine dairy o' cows in it; it makes you think the world's comfortable like." Mrs. Poyser's famous witticism upon Mr. Craig is no less in character: "You're mighty fond of Craig; but for my part, I think he's welly like a cock as thinks the sun's rose o' purpose to hear him crow." Here too, is an effective simile: "She stood with her left hand towards the setting sun, and leafy boughs screened her from its rays; but in this sober light the delicate coloring of her face seemed to gather a calm vividness, like flowers at evening." And here: "Rosamond played the quiet music which was as helpful to his meditation as the splash of an oar on the evening lake." But quite the loveliest of these figurative bits is this, from *Silas Marner*: "She was perfectly quiet now, but not asleep—only soothed by porridge and warmth into that wide-gazing calm which makes us older human beings, with our inward turmoil, feel a certain awe in the presence of a little child, such as we feel before some quiet majesty or beauty in the earth or sky—before a steady glowing planet, or a full-flowered eglandine, or the bending trees over a silent pathway."

Another evidence of George Eliot's sympathetic observation of nature is found in her use of description as a means of emphasizing mental and spiritual moods. She represents her men and women (more especially her women), at moments of supreme

passion, times of intense joy or deep suffering, as acutely sensible of the outward scene, which soothes or depresses according to the mental attitude of the onlooker. This common practice is noticeable as a part of her method even in the *Scenes*. We read: "The leaden weight of discouragement pressed upon her more and more heavily. The wind had fallen, and a drizzling rain had come on; there was no prospect from Mrs. Pettifer's parlor but a blank wall; and as Janet looked out of the window, the rain and the smoke-blackened bricks seemed to blend themselves in sickening identity with her desolation of spirit and the headachy weariness of her body." Again: "On Sunday morning the rain had ceased, and Janet, looking out of her bedroom window, saw, above the house-tops, a shining mass of white clouds rolling under the far-away blue sky. It was going to be a lovely April day. The fresh sky, left clear and calm after the vexation of wind and rain, mingled its mild influence with Janet's new thoughts and prospects. She felt a buoyant courage that surprised herself, after the cold crushing weight of despondency which had oppressed her the day before. . . . For a delicious hope—the hope of purification and inward peace—had entered into Janet's soul, and made a spring-time there as well as in the outer world." And again: "Janet walked on quickly till she turned into the fields: then she slackened her pace a little, enjoying the sense of solitude which a few hours before had been intolerable to her. The Divine Presence did not seem far off, where she had not wings to reach it; prayer itself seemed superfluous in those moments of calm trust. . . ." Then in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story" we read: "Caterina drew aside the window-curtains, and looked out on the wide stretch of the park and lawn, sitting with her forehead pressed against the cold pane.

"How dreary the moonlight is, robbed of all its tenderness and repose by the hard driving wind. The trees are harassed by that tossing motion, when they would like to be at rest; the shivering grass makes her quake with sympathetic cold; and the willows by the pool, bent low and white under that invisible harshness, seem agitated and helpless like herself. But she loves the scene the better for its sadness; there is some pity in

it. It is not like the hard unfeeling happiness of lovers, flaunting in the eyes of misery."

Another feature of George Eliot's art discoverable in the *Scenes* is the skill, truly Shakespearean, with which little intervals are filled up. That pretty little scene in Dorcas's kitchen ("Mr. Gilfil's Love Story") is a good illustration:—

Dorcas set down little Bessie, and went away. The three other children, including young Daniel in his smock-frock, were standing opposite Mr. Gilfil, watching him still more shyly now they were without their mother's countenance. He drew little Bessie towards him, and set her on his knee. She shook her yellow curls out of her eyes, and looked up at him as she said—

"Zoo tome to tee ze yady? Zoo mek her peak? What zoo do to her? Tiss her?"

"Do you like to be kissed, Bessie?"

"Det," said Bessie, immediately ducking her head very low, in resistance to the expected rejoinder.

"We've got two pups," said young Daniel, emboldened by observing the gentleman's amenities towards Bessie. "Shall I show 'em yer? One's got white spots."

"Yes, let me see them."

"Daniel ran out, and presently reappeared with two blind puppies, eagerly followed by the mother, affectionate though mongrel, and an exciting scene was beginning when Dorcas returned and said——"

George Eliot is always happy in her introduction and portrayal of children. It is indeed in her understanding of the child nature and skill in the presentation of child life that we have one revelation of her large sympathy. She has given us one child, it will be remembered, who has been pronounced the most fascinating child in fiction. One could almost write a book about the children of George Eliot's novels. More than a score of them there are: Tina; Patty—and all the rest of Amos Barton's brood (one remembers them by name—what a happy inspiration, the naming of them!); the dear little Lizzie, who appears but once, but who can never be forgotten; Tom and Maggie, of *The Mill on the Floss*; Martie, Tommy, Tottie, children of the Hall Farm; Ben and Letty; dear little Eppie; Harold Transome's strange, tropical, black-haired son; funny little Job

Tudge; Daniel Deronda on the grass among the rose-petals; Tessa's children; and Tessa herself!—a goodly company. The little tot, whose entrance upon the scene, in "Janet's Repentance," is so pleasing and so acceptable, becomes a vital element in the story, though she makes but one appearance. Her image contributes not a little to the general exquisiteness of the tale. For, in the mind of many readers, the story will be ever associated with that delightful garden-and-tea-table chapter, an exquisite bit, fragrant and colorful, quaint and charming, and not without its touch of humor. It presents, in a delicious setting, a memorable picture of old age and childhood.

Then, there crop out in these *Clerical Scenes* many indications of what may be taken as personal susceptibilities and partialities. It is sufficiently evident, for instance, that George Eliot was keenly sensitive to the tones of the human voice. She has expressly praised that "excellent thing in woman, a soft voice, with a clear, fluent utterance." She makes Caleb Garth say to his wife, after his first interview with Dorothea, "You would like to hear her speak, Susan. She speaks in such plain words, and a voice like music. Bless me! it reminds me of bits in the 'Messiah'." And Will Ladislav's inward comment, upon first meeting Dorothea, was, "But what a voice! It was like the voice of a soul that had once lived in an æolian harp." And here, in "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story," we read (and feel the appropriateness of the simile): "'Come in,' said the sweet mellow voice, always thrilling to him as the sound of rippling water to the thirsty." In "Janet's Repentance" one discovers the first indication of George Eliot's delight in silvery willows and Scotch firs,<sup>1</sup> a fondness which appears throughout her work, notably in *The Mill on the Floss*. We have also in the *Scenes* the first sign of George Eliot's humorous view of garrulity, such as issues from the lips of Lady Assher, when she goes "dribbling on like a leaky shower-bath."

Indeed, these *Scenes of Clerical Life* are very agreeably enlivened with fun and wit. The talk at Mrs. Patten's fireside,

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<sup>1</sup> "There was no line of silvery willows marking the course of a stream—no group of Scotch firs with their trunks reddening in the level sunbeams."

recorded in the very first chapter of "Amos Barton," the first of the three *Scenes*, is an admirable example of the quiet humor in which George Eliot excels. The scene at the work-house ("Amos Barton") presents a species of humor which does not appear, I think, anywhere else in George Eliot's fiction: it is humor with a touch of the grotesque. The humor of the scene at the Red Lion ("Janet's Repentance"), though less rich perhaps in quality and presented with less finesse, is essentially the same as that of the famous conversation at the Rainbow (*Silas Marner*). The bombast of the tyrannical, lipless-mouthed Dempster, the stiff-mindedness of the too-well-informed Mr. Byles, and the self-satisfied ignorance of Mr. Tomlinson, the rich miller, who often boasted that his father "gave him no eddication and he didn't care who knowed it," are excellent ingredients, but they seem not to be, in their combination, so surpassingly effective as the kaleidoscope of elements exhibited in the conversation at the "Rainbow."

Eminently successful as she was in her humorous scenes, George Eliot was no less fortunate in her depiction of comfortable sights, such as the scene at Cross Farm ("Amos Barton"), or the orchard scene at the White House ("Janet's Repentance"), or the tea-table scene in Mrs. Jerome's parlor ("Janet's Repentance"). She seems to have had a great love for coziness and homely cheer. Many of her scenes fix themselves in the memory as much for their setting as because of anything said or done. The scenes at the Hall Farm (*Adam Bede*) are of this character, and so are the scenes at the Garth homestead. With me, any mention of immaculate housekeeping—any suggestion of the brightness and polish which belongs to absolute cleanliness—brings to mind the vision of Mrs. Poyser's kitchen; I never see a coral heap of cherries without being reminded of the orchard scene where Fred Vincy finds the Garth family assembled, cat and dog included; and I am sure that no lover of George Eliot ever tastes a cup of tea flavored with real farm-house cream without being transported in imagination to Mrs. Patten's fireside ("Amos Barton"). Then there are unforgettable scenes of a slightly different sort, but having the same quality of comfort and charm, with an added touch of stateliness and aristocratic

pride; the picture, for instance, of Mr. Irwine and his mother at chess, their figures standing in relief against a background of old plate and crimson damask; or the quaint Farebrother drawing room, with its painted white chairs (with gilding and wreaths on them), its engravings, its old pier-glass and little satin-wood tables.

But, notwithstanding the pleasantness of George Eliot's art, it is the depths of life that she probes; it is the serious aspects of this earthly pilgrimage with which she is chiefly concerned. Conspicuous throughout her work, and especially dominant in the *Scenes*, is her profound sense of the need of compassion and tenderness. Life, its pain and sorrow, seems to have impressed upon her mind this fundamental conviction, which we may indeed regard as the supreme outgrowth of her spiritual experience. It is perhaps not saying too much to declare that it was partly her sense of this need that induced her to take upon herself the labor of creative production. In "Amos Barton" she bespeaks sympathy on behalf of a man who was far from remarkable; she would have us see "some of the poetry and the pathos, the tragedy and the comedy, lying in the experience of a human soul that looks out through dull gray eyes, and that speaks in a voice of quite ordinary tones." It is worth noting that her favorite male character, or the one on whom she expends the most thought and care, was "a man full of tenderness," and all her most admirable men possess—or come to possess—this quality of compassion. On the contrary, there is—rather curiously—a sort of implication of a general lack of compassion on the part of women, a sort of inference of the fact that tolerance is not generally a feminine trait. In *Silas Marner*<sup>3</sup> there is indeed a beautiful instance of unmeasured and unsuspected depths of wifely compassion, but in the case of Mrs. Bulstrode (*Middlemarch*), it was long a matter of uncertainty, even to Mr. Bulstrode himself, as to what his wife's attitude towards him would be.

In respect to womanhood, there can be no question as to what George Eliot regards as most essential. She has portrayed too

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<sup>3</sup> Chapter XVIII.

many loving women, spoken too often of that sublime capacity of loving, to leave any doubt as to her conception of what constitutes womanliness. I think it is not possible to name more than two of her women as belonging to the unloving type—Rosamond, who, but for her personal loveliness (and perhaps herein lies the explanation of that frequent accompaniment of supreme selfishness with bodily grace and charm), would be utterly repulsive, and the shallow-souled Hetty, from which nothing of course could be expected. Gwendolen—who for her selfishness might be classed with these two—was not incapable of deep love. The upspringing of the deep wells of love through the spoiled-child stratum of her being is one of the triumphs of George Eliot's fiction: "Mighty Love had laid his hand upon her;—but what had he demanded?—acceptance of rebuke—the hard task of self-change—confession—endurance."

Yes, the women of the *Scenes*—Milly, Caterina, Janet—are loving women. Of the first, George Eliot has written with such tenderness of affection and such warmth of admiration as to make quotation pardonable:—

She was a lovely woman—Mrs. Amos Barton; a large fair, gentle Madonna, with thick, close, chestnut curls beside her well-rounded cheeks, and with large, tender, short-sighted eyes. The flowing lines of her tall figure made the limpest dress look graceful, and her old frayed black silk seemed to repose on her bust and limbs with a placid elegance and sense of distinction, in strong contrast with the uneasy sense of being no fit, that seemed to express itself in the rustling of Mrs. Farquhar's *gros de Naples*. The caps she wore would have been pronounced, when off her head, utterly heavy and hideous—for in those days even fashionable caps were large and floppy; but surmounting her long arched neck, and mingling their borders of cheap lace and ribbon with her chestnut curls, they seemed miracles of successful millinery. Among strangers she was shy and tremulous as a girl of fifteen; she blushed crimson if any one appealed to her opinion; yet that tall, graceful, substantial presence was so imposing in its mildness that men spoke to her with an agreeable sensation of timidity.

Soothing, unspeakable charm of gentle womanhood! which supersedes all acquisitions, all accomplishments. You would never have asked, at any period of Mrs. Amos Barton's

life, if she sketched or played the piano. You would even perhaps have been rather scandalized if she had descended from the serene dignity of *being* to the assiduous unrest of *doing*. Happy the man, you would have thought, whose eye will rest on her in the pauses of his fireside reading—whose hot aching forehead will be soothed by the contact of her cool soft hand—who will recover himself from dejection at his mistakes and failures in the loving light of her un-reproaching eyes!

Janet also is a glorious creature. In her rich dark beauty, her wealth of affection, her sweet generous impulses, she seems a sister to Maggie Tulliver. That speech of hers, so impulsively expressive of her feeling on the subject of kindness, might have come from Maggie herself: "I like people who are kind; kindness is my religion." But Janet, "so lovely, so pitiful to others, so good," must be dragged through the depths of self-despair, must experience the bitterness of wounded affection. It is the deep-souled who know sorrow, it is those who are made for joy who know the taste of anguish.

And Tina—so passionately loving, so frail—"a paich blossom" indeed. Her story (which by the way, is the only true love-story we have from George Eliot's pen) seems the sheer embodiment of delicacy and frailty; it seems a gentle reminder of the preciousness of what is fleeting; it seems to put gentle emphases upon the need of tenderness. And all this is accomplished, seemingly, without conscious effort, as if a rose were held up for our love and quickening. Indeed, these three stories seem just the exquisite expression of gentle, tender feeling—crystallized into concrete form.

A few words must be said concerning the style and diction of these clerical tales. The deathbed scene in "Amos Barton," which no lover of George Eliot can possibly read, even for the twentieth time, without deep and tearful emotion, will ever remain a consummate example of simple pathos secured through the use of plain, homely words and straightforward, unembellished statement. All the fairies that attend artistic creation must have guided the pen that produced that impeccable eighth chapter. Nothing short of instinct could have prompted the manner of it. And indeed throughout the *Scenes* one finds a greater sim-

plicity of style, less circumlocution, and less inclination to philosophic dissertation, than characterizes George Eliot's later fiction. If it were less difficult to make a selection, I should like to choose a few excerpts from the *Clerical Scenes*, illustrative not only of their general style but of that pervading spirit—that indescribable sweetness, that ineffable tenderness—which is their life and immortality. My choice might be the closing paragraph of "Janet's Repentance" or it might be that picture of the fire-lighted room, with Janet, an image of life and strength, in loving tendance on the man, now feeble and suffering, who had guided her feet into ways of purity and holiness; or that unexpected meeting with Mr. Tryan, when Janet tries her persuasive powers and they go back together along the lane; or that lovely description of Tina's reawakening; or the story of Tina's end and of how "Maynard Gilfil's love went with her into deep silence forevermore." There shall be one quotation only:—

In this way—in these broken confessions and answering words of comfort—the hours wore on, from the deep black night to the chill early twilight, and from early twilight to the first yellow streak of morning parting the purple cloud. Mr. Gilfil felt as if in the long hours of that night the bonds that united his love forever and alone to Caterina had acquired fresh strength and sanctity. It is so with the human relations that rest on the deep emotional sympathy of affection: every new day and night of joy or sorrow is a new ground, a new consecration, for the love that is nourished by memories as well as hopes—the love to which perpetual repetition is not a weariness but a want, and to which a separated joy is the beginning of pain.

The cocks began to crow; the gate swung; there was a tramp of footsteps in the yard, and Mr. Gilfil heard Dorcas stirring. These sounds seemed to affect Caterina, for she looked anxiously at him and said, "Maynard, are you going away?"

As to the rather late maturing of George Eliot's creative powers, it can scarcely be regarded as a matter for regret. It is sometimes well to abide the full ripening. The flavor is the richer for the slow mellowing, being the very essence of sunshine and summer storm and soft breezes. And sometimes the fruit is the sweeter—even for a touch of frost.

MAY TOMLINSON.

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## A MEDIÆVAL HUSBAND

The old French book of 1393, which prompts our present theme, is fitly preceded by a picture of a man and a maid seated in converse in a many-latticed room of the Middle Ages. No courtly lovers these by their seeming! Nor does the title of the volume, *Le Ménagier de Paris*, stir any lively hopes of gentle romance or of the gay craft. Ten minutes' reading shows that these pages have to do with the life of a late fourteenth-century home and with the precepts of a mediæval husband. Chivalry, which exalts only love *par amours*, deserts even a troubadour when he steps within his own gates, and sits with uncovered head, like the worthy of our frontispiece, in the presence of his own wife. Were she another man's, what a different story! And the husband of our book is neither troubadour nor knight; but he cuts the very figure which courtly love has always disdained and execrated, that of the wealthy old bourgeois, loving mastery and ever crying checkmate to his young bride. Here in the flesh we have a frosty January of perhaps sixty discoursing most solemnly to a fresh flowery May of fifteen regarding her wifely duties. And these curtain lectures of winter evening to summer morn are brimful of interest. Indeed we can hardly overestimate the value of this single-hearted and narrow-minded exposition of the old-fashioned, orthodox gospel of man's sovereignty as an instructive contrast to Chaucer's unpartisan presentation of many points of view in the numerous Canterbury prologues and tales that treat the marriage question. It is well that we should know how a lack-humor, prosaic pedant of the poet's own years—for the unknown author was in military service as early as 1358, just before young Chaucer went to the wars in France—reacted in his later time to the same maxims, texts, and *exempla* of the marriage relation that our mischievous humorist turned to the purposes of art. This smug old philistine, with much kindness in his heart and no poetry in his soul, provides us with the best possible illustration of the proper, the conventional, the traditional—what every comfortable domestic

tyrant thought and said in the days of the Wife of Bath and the Merchant.

Our book is the record of one characteristic duel of the "querelle des femmes," one bloodless battle in the war waged between the sexes since the world began. "In the days of King Rameses this story had paresis." Joseph Bédier, the famous editor of the French *Fabliaux*, points to tales at the expense of women in the patriarchal epoch, to the oldest papyri exhumed from the necropolis of Memphis, which reveal the conjugal misfortunes of Anoupou. Juvenal, writing in "the heroic age of female corruption," sends, in remonstrance to a friend about to be married, his sixth satire, which has not a little in common with Chaucer's protest and with the monosyllabic council of *Punch*, "Don't!" "A young man married is a man that's marred" becomes the stock quip of jesters of every century. But in the Middle Ages the motif assumes a fiercer aspect—a contemptuous wrath against woman, inspiring the definite dogma that women are not only inferior but evil beings, cursed with all the faults of nature, essentially perverse, ill-tempered, vain, obstinate, faithless, thorns in the flesh. "Mulier est hominis confusio" finds few interpreters so euphemistic as Chaucer, "Woman is man's joy and all his bliss." The misogynist is rampant in unmitigated libels that were popular for centuries: in the *De Coniuge non Ducenda* of Walter Map, if he be the maker of the highly spiced effusions of Golias, and in the *Valerius ad Rufinum*, which is surely his; in the *Miroir du Mariage* of Eustache Deschamps; in many of the fabliaux, those roughly merry tales in verse; and in several of the narratives of the *Seven Sages*, notably that most gruesome of world-famous anecdotes, "The Matron of Ephesus." Jean de Meung, cynical hater of women, continues, with many a jibe and jeer at feminine frailties, the *The Romance of the Rose*, so reverently begun by the devotee of the sex, Guillaume de Lorris. "Bien fol qui s'y fie!" is the text of a hundred satires. The fabulous cow, Chichevache, which feeds entirely upon patient wives, has always, on account of scarcity of diet, a lean and hungry look, while its companion, Bicorné, choosing far more wisely patient husbands as its food, is always fat and in good case. The great

Knight of La Tour-Landry, a race so exalted that it boasted the possession of a family romance, as a noble Irish house vaunts its banshee, writing in 1371 a book of counsel for his three daughters, fills many of his paternal pages with examples of women who were false or foolish or too free of tongue. Even chivalry that bows its heart at the shrine of beauty and virtue reckes as little of married wit and wisdom as of a wife's eager wishes—indeed to the knight a woman's will seems wilfulness. The Virgin, it is true, often exposes the wiles of Venus, but Mariolatry itself is reared upon an abiding sense of woman's imperfections, a firm belief, so says Henry Adams in his *St. Michel and Chartres*, that "Our Lady, in her essence, illogical, unreasonable, capricious, sweetly feminine, caring not a whit for conventional morality, will arbitrarily intercede in behalf of her sinners with a Trinity that administered justice alone." Such are the chief expositions of the Woman Question, as the Middle Ages understood or misunderstood it. Let us now hark back to our curtain-lecturer.

The suzerainty of the fourteenth-century lord of the household over his young bride suggests the rule of Molière's Arnolphe over Agnes or, as we have already noted, of Chaucer's January over May. But the third person in this triangle of very real life is no impudent young spark, no Horace or Damien. The master of this earlier school of wives, the *Ménagier*, has as his rival a figment of his own fancy, his youthful lady's second husband. Not for himself but for this fortunate Jankin of tomorrow he trains the seemingly docile mind and will of the novice. And this incredible altruism of the pompous old dogmatist is humanized by the oft-implied hope that the homilizing which are the larger part of him will not be discredited after those later nuptials. In that new estate, the lady must give to her husband's health and person the most devoted attention, for should she lose him too, she will be hard beset to find a third and will dwell forlorn and wretched. He is constantly looking at happiness through the other man's eyes, peering forward with orbs already a little dim into those early fifteenth-century days when this green girl of the middle teens will become the dutiful matron, submissive and serviceable, in another house than his.

A situation meet for comedy, but not without its saving alloy of pathos!

The husband's prologue is full of what his mastership is pleased to call "piteous and charitable compassion" upon the tender youth that he is moulding into womanhood. The child—she is nothing more—may work among her rose-bushes, tend her violets, make her hats, even dance and sing in her little circle, but she must avoid the feasts and dances of people of great estates (one thinks here of the "festes, revels and daunces" shunned by the virtuous Virginia of the Doctor's Tale). Of higher rank than he, she must never shame her blood. In as ridiculously methodical a manner as Arnolphe telling off his "maximes du mariage," he imparts the matrimonial lesson in the form of three divisions, containing in all nineteen articles! The first and most extensive of these divisions is devoted to "la salvacion le l'âme et la paix du mari"—not only Hosanna in the Highest, but peace on the little domestic plot of the earth and good will to one man! Of the nine articles of this portion of the Covenant to Enforce Peace at home, three are devoted to the service of God and Mary Mother, the fourth to the guarding of virtue as in the stories of Susanna and Lucrece, the fifth to affection for one's husband (be he I or another) after the pattern of Sarah, Rebecca, and Rachel, the sixth to wifely humility and obedience, as in the examples of Griselda and many others, the seventh to regard for the husband's person, the eighth to the care of his secrets, the ninth and last to the duty of diverting with all deference and tact a husband from his follies and indiscretions, as did the prudent wife of Melibœus or the gentle Dame Jehanne la Quintine.

The pompous monitor thus enters with a drillmaster's zest upon the systematic correction and chastisement of the youthful unwisdom of his "chère sœur"—that this is the darling phrase of the gay-hearted Aucassins to his "mie," Nicolette, serves only to heighten the pitiful contrast between gray ashes and the red glow of young love's blaze. Unlike Herrick our Parisian pantaloons takes no delight in the disorder of the erring lace or the careless shoestring. Kerchief and coiffure must be so point-device that no distracting curl may stray. Then as now boys'

glances were eager. On her way townward or churchward middle-teens must walk with lowered lids and eyes on earth, casting no look at man or woman and never stopping to laugh or chat with a passing acquaintance. Why not at once, "Get ye to a nunnery!" for the worthy master's doctrine seems better to befit a religieuse than a matron? With special unction he reviews the devotions of the day and embarks upon a penitential sermon, surely not of his own making, and very like indeed the harangue of Chaucer's Parson. Here are the same three time-honored divisions of Penitence—Contrition, Confession, and Satisfaction—and here under the second head is the same large space, some thirty or forty pages, accorded to the Seven Deadly Sins and their opposites. The first of the Vices is Pride, whose chief branch is Disobedience—not only to God and parents, but "to my husband and other benefactors and sovereigns." Wifely disobedience is deemed so heinous an offence in the Middle Ages not merely because it is specifically forbidden in the thirteenth of Hebrews and in the fifth of Ephesians but chiefly on account of its prime place among the deadliest of the Sins. Somewhat later in his volume our old benedict offsets Petrarch's story of the obedient Griselda with the example of a wife rightly burned for the disobedience into which she was led by her pride—quite as grievous an offence this, so he tells us many times, as the fault of Eve or of Lucifer. Chaucer's contemporaries thus drew no moral distinction between disobedience to God, to King, to master, to father, and the slightest disregard of the husband's wishes—all are of the deuce, damnable. The great *Sieur de la Tour-Landry* held the same view of wifely duty; as, indeed, three centuries later, did Molière's Arnolphe, who bids the woman humbly serve her man as "son chef, son seigneur et son maître."

Shall we read no books that are not tales of love, and have no friends that are not lovers? What *lèse majesté*! The lord and master solemnly commends to the perusal of this slip of a girl the Golden Legend, the Apocalypse, Jerome's *Vitæ Patrum* and other treasures of his library—many of these doubtless as intolerable to her young ladyship as Jankin's volumes to the Wife of Bath. In the pages of Augustine and Gregory the demure

disciple will read that a worthy woman, so loyal to her husband as to have never a thought of another man, may be called a maid. Let her bear always in mind those models of married chastity, enshrined in the marriage service, Sarah and Rebecca. And then there were Leah and Rachel, too! "Without jealousy, contention and envy they left everything for their husband! How many women would live so peaceably together now under such circumstances! I think that they would fight one another. O God, what good and holy women these were!" The wife's most rapturous reading must be, of course, the love-letters of her lord, received "*en grand joie et révérence*"—and providing, so we should guess, much the same warm food of fancy as the *Lives of the Fathers* just recommended. She must answer in kind. The poor little bride must beware of all other men, chiefly of gay young springalds of the court, lavish of their leisure, fond of the dance and of wild living. "And trusteth as in love no man but me!" Birds and beasts of every sort, all named at terrible length, love their masters—even dogs who are beaten and stoned—hence women also should love their husbands. "Therefore I pray you," adds our over-ripe logician, "to love very dearly my successor"—"*vostre mary qui sera.*" Most weighty conclusion!

The curtain-lecturer is now fussily concerned lest his pupil shall fail in some service of humility and obedience to her second husband. She must discharge all the commands of that potentate whether given in earnest or in sport; she must have no wants or desires that do not accord with his; she must avoid all things that he forbids; and must never question his mandates, especially in the presence of others. Nor has the woman any right to know her husband's reasons. If he wishes to disclose them, well and good, but he will do so as a courtesy and in private, never as an admission of woman's mastery and sovereignty. Like Chaucer, the old philistine feels that Marquis Walter perhaps went somewhat too far in testing Griselda's submissiveness. He is inclined to question the wisdom of robbing a loving mother of her two children during many years' space and then of divorcing her from bed and board, all this merely to assay her gentleness. He himself would hardly have done so; but he approves heartily of less severe trials, and he is quick to cite trivial tests of docility

that recall Petruchio's handling of his Shrew. Indeed, he feels that such experiments have divine sanction in that God himself tested one woman by telling her not to take an apple and another by forbidding her to look behind. Through disobedience many women have sacrificed the affection of their lords, failing to profit by the example of other inferior beings, bears and wolves and monkeys, which gladly dance and leap and tumble at their master's behest. Quite as well trained as any of these animals was that young woman of Melun who won a dinner for her husband from the Sieur de Andresel by leaping three times over a stick, whereas the Sieur's lady, a creature of blooded stock, angrily refused the jump. How much better, had she consulted her lord's honor! The husband who does not find at home perfect obedience in the smallest things as above can hardly be blamed if he finds his pleasure elsewhere.

Yet what is sauce for goose is obviously no sauce for gander. Troubled by a dull masculine fear that womanly wiles will somehow outwit him at his own game, old lack-logic inveighs against the sacrilege of those irreverent wives who test in small ways or great the affection of their husbands. There was, for instance, that outrageous young woman—"condemned to everlasting redemption" in the eighth story of the *Seven Sages*—who tried her worthy old spouse by cutting down his little fruit-tree, killing his pet dog, dragging away the cloth from the table at which sat many guests. Such excesses as these are committed by women who seek to have their own way, counter to their husband's will. If there be some special pleasure of the wife which the husband has not expressly forbidden—such oversights seem to have been very rare—the dutiful domestic subject will write to him, in case of his absence, and ask his commands, instead of following her feminine wishes. Thus the damp heavy foot of the hippopotamus tramples every young joy in its path.

Care of the husband's person includes eager attention to his every craving for comfort. Three things, as Solomon said, drive a worthy man from his home, "a leaking roof, a smoking chimney and a chiding wife" (thus, too, the Wife of Bath's old husband). But many things make him turn eagerly homeward—a good fire, fresh shoes and stockings, ample food and drink, beds warm and

white and free from pests, windows closed in those glassless days with waxed cloth or parchment so that no flies can enter. Then the sybarite waxes somewhat bitter. If women would only devote the same care to their husbands that men give to their horses, dogs, asses and other beasts—he deserves to be taken at his word—then home would seem a paradise of repose and husbands would long to see their wives, as holy men, after fasting and penance, yearn too see heavenly faces. All the deeply rooted mediæval distrust of woman's ability to keep counsel inspires the warning to guard well the husband's secrets. To curb the tongue is a sovereign virtue, and many perils come from much speech. Let the women beware to whom and of what she speaks, cherishing above all the confidences of her second husband, concealing his faults and follies but confessing to him all her own sins. Half a dozen stories of superhuman discretion support the argument.

Moreover, a woman should advise her lord as carefully as one plays a piece on the chess-board, gently and wisely withdrawing him from his errors. If this good office makes him so angry that his cruel wrath may not be restrained, let there be no complaint to friends and neighbors, but quiet weeping and prayer in the lady's chamber. One recalls Dr. Holmes's praise of the Pilgrim Mothers for putting up not only with pioneer hardships but with the Pilgrim Fathers as well. Graybeard's reaction to the story of Melibœus and his wife Prudence, the same tale that Chaucer tells on the Canterbury road, is significant. He extols the worthy woman not only because she sagely and subtly taught her husband patience in his sore distress and with timely arguments, dissuaded him from his mad intent, but because she achieved her end with such gentle tact and sweet humility as not to discredit her husband's mastery. Through haughty claims of sovereignty no woman can prevail, for there is no married man, however poor or weak, who does not will to lord it in his house. Thus the days of chivalry deferred to women!

At the beginning of the second division—the second volume of Pichon's edition—the burgess is troubled by a passing fear that his yoke may seem burdensome to young wifehood. His instructions, he hastens to assure his "*chère sœur*," are no heavier than necessity demands, if she is to become an efficient

helpmate. All the duties of woman are comprised in the love of God and the service of her husband. He straightway inserts a long-winded verse-allegory, "The Road of Poverty and Riches," full of the rules of service and the lessons of diligence and perseverance. The sting of the thing is in its tail, for the preachment ends with the inevitable slurs on women's love of praise and eagerness to have their own way. The master, who is himself a veritable monster of efficiency, now takes the girl by the hand and leads her forth into the garden. Here as within doors there is little charm—just a hint or two of Lenten and Armenian violets, which do not bear until the second season, or of majoram and lavender and gilly-flowers,—but much practical counsel on preparing the ground, sowing, cutting, and tending. One fresh from April contact with the soil finds almost everywhere sound knowledge and sense, with only here or there a touch of superstition. The wife must sow and plant and graft in damp weather, either in the evening or in the early morning before the heat of the sun and, the mediæval gardener adds, in the wane of the moon. Then much expert advice anent cabbage and lettuce, parsnips and spinach, while the child's thoughts doubtless rove to her rose-bushes! Perhaps she is wondering whether there is not somewhere some little thing that this pompous old man does not know.

When Omniscience, in his next chapter, unfolds every detail of the choice and control of servants, we become aware that his is indeed a great establishment—town-house and country mansion and, doubtless, beyond the garden-close, many broad acres. Such wealth demands three kinds of servitors: assistants for certain occasions, porters, bearers, fullers, coopers, or, for the field, sowers and mowers; yet others for certain trades, bakers, butchers, cobblers, workers by the piece; and finally domestic servants engaged by the year and living in the house. The rule of domestics this trustful husband commits to his wife—with certain reservations—"That the servants may obey you better and that they will hesitate to anger you, I give you full authority to have them chosen by the Housekeeper, Dame Agnes the Béguine, to praise them as you will, pay and keep them just as you like, and discharge them when you will—however, in every case, you

ought secretly to speak to me and act by my counsel, for you are very young and can easily be deceived. After your husband you shall be mistress of the house, commander, governor, sovereign, administrator." Nor are her duties few. She must drive a sharp bargain with new servitors, else they will become exorbitant and abusive, she must demand their credentials and record their antecedents with the aid of master John, the Spenser or Majordomo, she must keep all her household in subjection, correct and punish them, deny them all excess and riot, forbid them to lie, to play at illicit games, and to use any words which savor of villainy or dishonesty like *sanglant* (the cockneys' "bloody!"). Under the guidance of Dame Agnes she must make her servants work and rest at the proper hours, brooking no excuses and subterfuges. She must see in the morning that the entrance halls and rooms are properly cleaned and swept as befits her master's estate. And she must look diligently to beasts of the chamber, like little dogs, and to all the birds of the house, as they cannot think and speak for themselves.

When she goes to the country château, her supervision must take an even wider range. Through Dame Agnes she must commend to each farm-worker his especial charge: to Robin the shepherd all the muttoms, to Jossion the cattle-herd and Jehaneton the milkmaid, the cows and calves, hogs and pigs, to Eudeline, the dairy-farmer's wife, the geese and ducks, cocks, hens, and pigeons, and to the carter or farmer the horses, asses, and the like. She and the dame must show their interest in the animals before the folk and keep an accurate account of their increase and decrease. And if she is in the country, when there is a visit of wolves—these creatures sometimes penetrated even into the streets of Paris—Master John or her shepherds must kill these with the poison here prescribed. She must guard, too, against rats in the granary with mousers, traps, and deadly recipes. Here, too, are prescriptions for removing spots and stains from linens and robes and furs before her women put them away for summer or for winter. Let her look to the care of her wines, vinegars, oils, nuts, and peas by her steward. Such is life under the ancient regime.

Dame Agnes shall assign work to the women, in chamber,

soler or kitchen, Master John to the men in every quarter, on the hill, in the vale, in the fields, in the town, each according to his place and knowledge. Idleness engenders all evils. At the proper hours seat all the servitors at their table and make them eat largely of one sort of meat and not of several dainty dishes, and quaff a single drink nourishing but not heady. After the meal do not allow them to linger with their elbows on the board, but let them return to the fields sober. In the evening, when supper is over and all are warmed and eased, bid Master John or the Béguine close and lock your hostel, so that none may leave or enter. Get reports of cellar and of farm and take care that the chimney fires be covered. Let each of the people have a candle by the bedside and let each know his work of the morrow. He who forgets nothing bids the little matron keep close to her both by day and night her maids of fifteen to twenty years, for at that age they are foolish and have small knowledge of the world—even less than she herself. And he admonishes her, should any of the household fall ill, to drop all common matters and to care for the sick with love and charity and constant thought until health returns. Despite his rôle of mediæval husband, there is humanity in the man.

In the *Ménagier* there are many other things, not all of them of the deepest interest to a girl. Indeed the wiseacre considerably bids his child-wife run away and play, during his discourse to Master John upon horses, their "conditions" or points, the same that are repeated by a hundred writers from Xenophon to Shakespeare, their ages, their care, their diseases and cures—good horse-sense, much of this, spiced with the hocus-pocus of a charm or two. And fifteen doubtless yawns behind her slim fingers while the indefatigable old man holds forth at prodigious length upon the rearing of sparrowhawks. Yet in youth's philosophy of times and seasons, horse and hawk and hound, too, have their place, no doubt. Life in the Middle Ages seemed to have been spent chiefly at table; and, in the house of our burgess, "it snowed of meat and drink." Hence the mistress of the household must know all the markets and butcher-shops of her Paris of three hundred thousand souls—the Porte de Paris, Ste. Geneviève, St. Germain, the Parvis, the Temple, and St. Martin.

She must hearken to the contents of royal larders, she must ponder over the menus of a dozen great festivals and master a hundred pages of tempting recipes. What huge numbers of beeves and sheep and calves and pigs and pullets are daily consumed in that greedy old world! What Rabelaisian repasts of eels and turbot and swans and peacocks and pheasants in their feathers with gilded beaks and claws tax the powers of these valiant trenchermen! What wines and sauces and pastries and jellies and compotes tickle the eager palates of epicures! As the young bride reads of the famous banquet tendered by the Abbé de Lagny to high officials of church and town and of the splendid marriage feast of Jehan de Hautecourt, she seems to see the spacious hall covered with tapestries and strewn with rushes, the long tables decked with exquisite napery and service of gold and silver, glistening in the light of torches and flambeaux, and everywhere at the beck of bevelveted guests scores of nimble serving-men busy with flasks and platters and with bowls of scented water. Thus it was doubtless at her own bridal, of the splendor of which all Paris must have talked.

A gently bred girl of the fourteenth century questioned her husband's right to rule as little as the modern 'Arriet denies 'Arry's perquisite of heavy-handed persuasion. Adam's sovereignty was a conclusive argument—at any rate the rib seldom demurred. Nor could our green young May have perceived that January was unconsciously shattering his whole ponderous structure of masculine domination when for just one little moment his old heart sings to this stirring tune: "Pardieu, I verily believe that when two worthy people are married, all other loves are deemed as nought and forgotten save theirs alone. When they are together they look long into each other's eyes and touch hands, without speech or other sign. And when they are apart, each thinks of the other and says deep down in the heart, 'When I see my dear one, I shall say that, I shall ask this favor.' All their chief pleasures, their highest desires, their perfect joys lie in doing each other's will; and, if they really love, they care not a whit for obeissance and for reverence but crave only everyday comradeship." The words are so unwonted that their full meaning is hardly caught by the girl, yet they chime sweetly in

her ears. And though she is well aware that the master may soon regret the outburst, and will never again utter such heresies, her heart dares hope that the other man of whom her mentor is always discoursing, "vostre mary qui sera," will often talk like that. And so we leave her musing not upon the husband of the present but upon the husband of the future,—

"Whoe'er *he* be,  
That not impossible *he*,  
That shall command my heart and me :

"Where'er *he* lie,  
Locked up from mortal eye  
In shady leaves of destiny."

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## SUDERMANN AND THE WAR

That the forty years of astounding material progress and prosperity which Germany enjoyed from the close of the Franco-Prussian war to the beginning of the great world-conflict made for deterioration in the realms of German art is a truism. Goethe and Schiller gave way before Tieck and the Schlegels, whose laurels were snatched from them by Arnim and Brentano; these were dethroned by Heine, Börne, and the lesser lights of Young Germany, who, in turn, were relegated to the scrap-heap in favor of a number of cliques and schools that sprang up almost simultaneously in various parts of Germany in the latter part of the nineteenth century. A descending scale, surely. But the descent did not stop here. After Heyse and Fulda, we have Sudermann, Schnitzler, and Wedekind. Forceful writers, undeniably, and masters of style. But what of their subject-matter? Either drenched in or disgusted by the crass commercialism of the Germany of the past five decades, they have been unable to raise themselves above the "sexual comedy of manners," usually bad manners. Hauptmann, with his sincere sympathy for the oppressed of mankind, stands head and shoulders above his brother-dramatists of contemporary Germany. Of the people, and writing about the people, he is sound in mind and heart, thoughtful, even idealistic. But what is one to say of Sudermann's imitations of Ibsen, *Es lebe das Leben*, *Das Glück im Winkel*? Are we to be inspired by the super-Wildeian "déca-dent" Schnitzler, whose Anatol, heartless hero of a series of one-act dialogues, stops at no extremes of sensuality, is indeed, even shown to us abed with a mistress on the very eve of his marriage to a pure woman? And, as though this were not enough, we must accept, as a literary production, a cruel performance such as Wedekind's *Lulu*, with its bitterly sneering prologue and its vicious plot. Is this the best of which modern art is capable? Are we to be steeped in cynicism on the one hand, and on the other in sensual lawlessness, until the end of time? Must we, perforce, admit that virtue and love are dead, never to be resurrected?

The effect of the war of 1914-18 upon the world's literary output has been no stirring one. Cheap novels and plays of the most ephemeral nature, one-sided verse, and multitudes of diaries and "impressions"—this is the paltry harvest of a series of colossal events which are unique in the history of man. Perhaps it would have been far wiser for the literary men and women of all lands to sheathe their pens as long as the sword swung free; it is, to say the least, painful to think of John Masefield expending his genius upon descriptions of the Gallipoli fiasco or of H. G. Wells moralizing upon the fourth year of the war. Writers must live, it may be urged; and in war times people will read nothing that does not concern itself with war. A pathetic admission, truly, and one which we may learn to regret, sooner or later.

That the tone of German dramatic composition has scarcely become healthier since the outbreak of the war is evidenced by a cursory reading of a volume which may be considered, with some sense of justice, a criterion. In 1916, there was published in Berlin, by the firm of J. G. Cotta's successors, a collection of three plays from the pen of Hermann Sudermann, under the general caption of *Die entgötterte Welt: Szenische Bilder aus Kranker Zeit*. The content of the volume is well prognosticated by the morbid despair which rings in the very title. The three plays of the group—*Die Freundin: Schauspiel*, *Die gutgeschittene Ecke: Tragikomödie*, and *Das höhere Leben: Lustspiel*—offer a most pathetic commentary on the intellectual attitude of war-time Germany. Nor is the impression produced by the plays measurably relieved by Sudermann's prefatory verses, entitled "Was waren wir?", written on the eighth of October, 1914, in which the poet, frankly admitting that pre-bellum Germany was a self-centred, money-grubbing, pleasure-seeking nation, boasts that the war has wiped out all dissension and caste-spirit, and welded the people into a pure-hearted, lofty-minded, God-worshipping entity. Judging the situation from our more advantageous post-bellum viewpoint, we are constrained almost to pity this bungling attempt at prophecy on the part of Sudermann.

Through his *Entgötterte Welt*, Sudermann apparently at-

tempts to reintroduce God into Germany after the outbreak of the war, by effectually proving that God had been banished from the land before the war. The first and third of the three plays in the collection, all of which were probably written between August, 1914, and November, 1915, take place, we are told by the author, in "one of the last years of peace," the second enacts itself "before the war." The principal characters of the three dramas are members of the aristocracy, social or intellectual, as the case may be, and of the *haute bourgeoisie*. The plots are distressing in the extreme, and serve as an excellent index to the degeneration of German life since the days of the solid domestic qualities portrayed in Goethe's epic idyll, *Hermann and Dorothea*. A brief summary of the three plays may not be amiss at this juncture.

*Die Freundin: ein Schauspiel in vier Akten*, introduces us to Juliane Rother, a German Hedda Gabler, an "advanced" young woman who is bent upon obtaining, at all costs, liberation from male enslavement and freedom of action. Not content with having apparently gained these for herself, she must needs force her ideas upon others, principally upon a chum of bygone days, Alice von Hilgenfeld, an attractive, but very faint-spirited, widow whom she visits at her estate. In three days, Juliane, giving free rein to her cold-blooded devices in a hitherto happy and peaceful household, reaps the following rich harvest: First a young and innocent theological student, Ernest Fühling, who, living with the Hilgenfelds in the capacity of tutor to Alfred, the child of the house, has his eyes opened to the fact that he is devotedly attached to Alice, is made to see the hopelessness of his passion, yet is cleverly impelled to propose, and ends by murdering himself after having practically been shown the door by the wavering Alice; next a nobleman, Herbert von Kray, whom Alice had long loved, although years before had refused to marry because of disparity of religious temperament, and whom she, nevertheless, continued to love throughout her married life with Hilgenfeld. Juliane encourages Herbert to believe that there is still hope of a union with Alice, and then forces the latter to refuse him by wringing from the family pastor the confession that Hilgenfeld had killed himself because of Alice's

love for Herbert. Finally when the household servants, outraged by the suicide of Ernest, threaten to wreak bodily vengeance upon Juliane, she departs stealthily, taking with her the puppet, Alice, who leaves her son in the care of the family pastor and physician. Two men physically crushed, a good woman spiritually destroyed, and a fatherless child turned into a complete orphan—such were the achievements of only seventy-two hours. The two women of the play remind one vividly of Becky Sharp and Amy Sedley; but how much more wholesome is the atmosphere pervading *Vanity Fair*, despite the fierceness of its satire. Thackeray was writing of a people in whom, their glaring faults notwithstanding, he could discern virtues; so that we may draw the hopeful conclusion that every Becky Sharp has its William Dobbin, "Dobbin of ours." But Sudermann, in a drama which is technically not of the strongest, depicts an utterly decadent life, in which love and hope are dead.

The second of the three plays, *Die gutgeschnittene Ecke: Tragikomödie in fünf Akten*, is clearly modeled after Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People*. Dr. Stockmann's prototype in Sudermann is the publisher, Brandstetter, a high-minded lover of art, who, as a member of the City Council, has been the father of much excellent legislation. To bring the dramatic art closer to the hearts of the masses, Brandstetter introduces into the City Council a measure asking for permission to erect a "Civic Theatre," the funds for which are to be raised by him through private subscriptions. The Civic Theatre is to be managed with no thought whatever of profit, but purely in the interests of art and of the people. An option is obtained upon an exemplary site, the "well-situated corner," the property of an unscrupulous real-estate dealer, one Sigismund Dänsch, whose motives in the transaction are anything but lofty. In his efforts to raise the sum of money necessary to translate his project from a beautiful dream into a beneficial reality, Brandstetter procures a promise of assistance from a wealthy art-dealer, Julius Weyrauch, whose notion of the merit of artistic productions is shaped entirely by their marketability, and who, in the matter of the theatre, is inspired solely by the desire to see the management of it placed into the hands of his favorite mis-

tress, a popular actress of the day. When the actress finds that Brandstetter is really sincere in his desire to reap no profits from the theatre, she deceitfully promises her aid, and then compels Weyrauch to withdraw from the scheme. By clever manipulation of the journals which are under his control, Weyrauch makes it appear that Brandstetter's chief aim in procuring the construction of the Civic Theatre is to place the direction of it in the hands of his son, Viktor, an aspiring dramatist of no mean talent. At a session of the City Council, Brandstetter is publicly accused of double-dealing, and with his honor saved only by the fact that his opponents are torn by dissension, he has to be led home—the wreck of his former self. Here, at the end of the fourth act, the play might well have ended. But Sudermann appends a weak fifth act, in which we learn that the civic theatre is actually built after Brandstetter's fall, that Viktor Brandstetter's dramatic gifts have been recognized, and that Ruth Gebhardt, a niece of Brandstetter, has attained wealth and notoriety as a "Variété" dancer by a liberal distribution of her personal favors. The curtain falls upon the refusal of Viktor, who had once loved Ruth passionately, to accept from her the freely-offered gift of favors that had already been enjoyed by so many others.

The perusal of this play leaves the reader with a decidedly bad taste in the mouth. Absolute laxity in family relationships is the order of the day. Weyrauch openly, and even condescendingly, discusses his mistresses with his wife; Ruth Gebhardt sees no wrong in yielding to the solicitations of the husband of her cousin, Karen Brandstetter, a Dr. Devereux, who is a patent but clumsy imitation of Dorian Grey's friend, Lord Henry Wotton. Artistic reputations, such as that of Karen Brandstetter, are irrevocably ruined by the mere whim of an art-dealer. And over all hangs the murky atmosphere of that unedifying phenomenon of American politics, "graft." The old Brandstetter is crushed beneath his idealism; his son, who cherishes the beliefs of his father, permits himself, with the resiliency of youth, to truckle and to compromise in order to attain to fame. One looks in vain for any sign of healthy moral and artistic growth, of selfless devotion to an ideal (with the single ex-

ception of the case of the elder Brandstetter), of clean love, in the pages of this "comedy of vices." How immeasurably superior to this "tragi-comedy" is that masterful epitome of the virtues of both tragedy and comedy, *The Merchant of Venice*!

It may be of interest to cite a few sentences from the play, so that its pruriency may become more evident. Devereux, in commenting upon senior Brandstetter's self-restraint in refusing to marry his young "bourgeoise" mistress solely for the sake of his children, observes: "We should patronize it. For we are amoral to the very marrow, we of the younger generation.—Provided, naturally, that our future inheritance is not decreased." The third act ends with the exclamation of "corruption everywhere" from the lips of the Pecksniffian Weyrauch. Viktor, in attempting to justify his compromise with his inmost convictions, tells Ruth: "In the wolfish struggle of all against all, which is known as 'German art', every means is permitted." Finally, Friese, a city councillor who was instrumental in bringing about Brandstetter's downfall, but who later, when he has proved the winner in the civic-theatre "deal," magnanimously suggests that a picture of the old gentleman grace the lobby of the institute, exclaims against the lack of "backbone" displayed by the German people, and concludes: "May God grant us soon a beautiful storm, which will whirl everything into confusion." Sudermann, Friese, German art—all have had their wish; God grant that, with the clearing of the storm, there will appear again the blue skies of lustrous art, of drama built upon the pillars of beauty of form and depth of conception and free from all taint of decadence, from the *mal du siècle* of intellectual ennui and spiritual depravity!

*Das höhere Leben: Lustspiel in vier Akten*, the last of the plays in the *Entgötterte Welt*, is noteworthy only as being the extreme crepuscular stage in the Sudermann *Götterdämmerung*. As a dramatic production of durable value, its merit is practically nil. In the *dramatis personæ* are to be encountered an unmarried builder who is in love with the wife of his unsuspecting partner but retains too much of his innate sense of honor to violate the bed of his associate; a bachelor painter, the intimate friend of the two partners, and, despite his graduation from the age of

youthful follies, still capable of "taking a fling"; a violin virtuoso who, under the pretence of seeking a woman with whom to share the beauties of the "higher life," makes all his female pupils successively his mistresses; the wife of the associate builder, a "modern" woman whose detestation of the *demi-monde* conventions does not reveal itself fully until the duped husband is made to see clearly that she has played the rôle of mistress to the violin virtuoso, and was willing to repeat the performance with each of his two closest friends in turn; a divorced woman of similiar tendencies; and the proprietress of a fashion shop, who adds to this profession that of go-between and procurer. With such an array of moral (or should I have said "amoral"?) supermen and superwomen, what sparkling epigrams on the "mission" of advanced woman may we not be led to expect! But even these are rare. So that, with a drama whose scenes are not always skilfully put together and whose dialogues often become tedious, it is not surprising that our interest occasionally flags, despite the lubricity of the theme. The very irony of the title causes us to shudder at the thought that what used to be esteemed the sacrosanct, the redeeming things of life, can be treated, for the public delectation, in such a spirit of every-day banality and of blasé submission to the frailties of human nature.

One is constrained to exclaim, after a reading of *Die entgötterte Welt*, as of all its companions in theme and purpose, from G. B. S.'s *Mrs. Warren's Profession* to Brioux's *Les Avaries*: "If this be life, give us art; and if this be art, as well as life, may we speedily be transported to those Elysian fields where there is neither life nor art!" But the prospect may not be such a thoroughly melancholy one. With the conclusion of the world-debauching catastrophe which set at naught the barely-won ideals resultant upon centuries of floundering about in the morass of ignorance, the world will surely awaken to a sense of necessity of self-prophylaxis. The sublime and the beautiful will return to grace the life of man; and art, the mirror of life, will once more reflect the beautiful and sublime.

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## THE PALACE OF DREAMS

No one would think of it as a Palace of Dreams. Even I quite misjudged it at the beginning. I called it merely a moving-picture show. Yet I had watched the thing from its inception. Last year it was an old-book store—a decaying Dream-Palace which had outlived its age. Then came the auction-placards, then a dismantled store front, then a shell of boards which burst, cocoon-like, to reveal this gorgeous butterfly. What a triumph of the builder's art! What color, what aureate refulgence in the new façade! But its glories passed away like the splendors of the dawn; Winter stripped the Temple of half its golden bloom. Æolus came, defiant even of her who guarded it—the aureate goddess who had sprung full-armed from the brain of the jovial stucco-man; Æolus raged, and the dreaded javelin fell from her hand upon the head of a blue-coated son of Mars. Not being injured in the least, it was replaced the day after; but as no further attempt was made at restoration in the crumbling portico, no one to-day would guess that it was really a Palace of Dreams.

The change was not without its moral lesson. "Les Dieux eux-mêmes meurent," I reflected, in the blessed post-prandial interval when all good pagans burn incense to the gods. Sprawling in a chair before the window, I basked in the smile of the statue until, like Vice in the fable, she became a familiar thing. A Heraclitean busied in blowing smoke rings, I accepted philosophically her susceptibility to decay. But after all, was this really a decaying shrine? Decrepitude indeed had smitten the Immortal, but undeniably her crowd of worshippers was every day increasing. Did they find some inner beauty, some spiritual comeliness, in the rite whereof she was merely the grosser symbol? And musing constantly on the Olympian, hypnotized perhaps by that brazen eye and beckoning hand, I, who had long decried her worshippers, was drawn one fateful day into the Venusberg itself.

The temptation was too strong. It probably began with the posters, worthy of study as any Dutch or German Primitive. That day, they told me, the comic muse had decreed the rite.

A propitious time for comedy, surely: gray skies and muddy pavements and pedestrians wincing under a driving rain. For rain only multiplies Thalia's votaries, and all the morning a motley procession of umbrellas had folded its wings and disappeared behind the swinging doors. Curious, the influence of Jupiter Pluvius upon the sons of men. When skies are clear they may pause awhile, study the posters, hesitate and yield to the call of the shop-windows outside. But the rain sends them into the theatre with undivided will.

Something of all this, perhaps, might well enter into my apologia. At any rate I paid my nickel with the rest of them that day, and with the rest of them I groped my way into the Temple. And then began my conversion. The seat was hard, but I soon forgot it. The hall was stuffy, but it ceased to irk me. As a dilettante of artistic experiences, I wanted to be properly psychologic. But alas, within five minutes the play had drowned out all thought of self-analysis, every discomfort, every impression or memory of another world. Seeing is believing they say; and all my senses merged in sight, I believed as stoutly as any Mahometan. I knew at last the secret of the shrine. Here, for a few coppers, one might obtain a real indulgence; here was fair weather, oblivion of care and worry, oblivion of self—O miracle, a sort of divine anæsthetic, a new anodyne, dispensed by the genii that moved upon the screen.

Yes, the moving-picture show is a form of dream-pedlary. Who in this age of fact, would not purchase dreams? It is a kind of hasheesh, like literature and all the other arts. Is it an art, this tawdry melodrama, these wordless plays and short stories of those who will not read? Is it an art, this crude reflection of the stage, which sacrifices all the harmonies of speech and color and atmosphere to give us in their stead only a vibrating photographic reality? Well, if the essence of art is illusion, this form of the dramatic illusion is surely art.

But no unimaginative pen may write the æsthetics of the cinematograph. If still in doubt upon the subject, you have merely to confront the fair glass-cased automaton—who looks so very like a model in wax—deposit your nickel and thrust her pasteboard 'open sesame' at the keeper of those green baize

doors. Within, you may witness a Western drama of the frontier days, its heroine a sweet little centauress who most heedlessly allows herself to be carried off by the red men. Not a very original subject, even in Homer's time. But note the rapt attention as the climax approaches, the fixed postures in the audience about you, the eager eyes, the straining hands. Low words of sympathy or encouragement escape the children, and sometimes, when the cavalry intervenes at just the proper moment, the very walls of the theatre are shaken by a burst of applause. Curious, isn't it? Of course, even the little ones know the unreality of the *Deus ex machina*, but the horror of their illusion calls for the relief of clapping hands.

This indeed is the real drama. Here, on these close-set rows of seats, the focus of emotion is so intense that even the cynic must feel its pulsing force. If you are blasé, if you have "travelled in those realms of gold" and found there nothing to justify the cowboy classics of the smoking-car, you don't need to look at the screen. Look about you! For these boys and girls, as for many children of a larger growth, the Far West is still the Land of Romance—Eldorado—unsubdued by railroads and tax-collectors and Sunday newspapers. Beguiled to-day into the Palace of Dreams, you may be accosted on your exit by a small but eager newsboy, counting his pennies before the poster. You may even be asked, as I was, "Mister, are there Indians in it?" and that question will put your skepticism to shame.

Indians—well, possibly, Indians might be said to constitute an æsthetic canon. They at least typify popular requirements in art. Red men or wild beasts, death or danger in some form—why, even Homer recognized that factor in the epic. Everyday urban existence is so tame, so dreadfully secure. To be sure, we have our six-cylindereed Juggernauts, our murdered pedestrians, but pshaw—such really interesting things never happen to us! What we want consequently, all-too sophisticated cliff-dwellers that we are, is to get a taste of the primitive, to flee with Odysseus from Polyphemus' wrath, to be shipwrecked on some Circean shore, to fight barbarians on the borders of the world; or failing these, to struggle at home with such minor catastrophes as might be deemed worthy of a full-page headline in the evening

paper. Indians—that is precisely the canon we need, just as the jaded Romans needed their gladiatorial football games.

Those who work hard must dream vividly. It is life that forces the note, after all. Modern life, with its breathless strenuosity, calls for the highest pitch that the imagination will allow. Well they know this, the dream-peddlars, and right cunningly do they mix their draughts. Danger, adventure, strife must each enter in: love too, compact of them all. Yes, there must be a Prince Charming in the Palace of Dreams, a lover, a Hero beset by difficulties no less than those of Odysseus of old. The ancient formula of Greek Romance survives, but here at least no conspiracy may delay too long the ultimate triumph of our hero. A charming fellow, this modern Daphnis, perfectly safe because his picturesque remoteness precludes flirtation, and yet—doubt it not, oh trusting husbands and fathers—maids and matrons are everywhere studying the posters in order to make sure of seeing him again this afternoon! Personally, I know that it is none of my business; as an old bachelor, I can still wear my wrinkled tweeds and flaunt the philosophic beard. But a married man who can view complacently this horde of women must roll in imperturbable conceit.

No doubt, married men do not visit the moving pictures. Hard at work in their offices, they expiate in toil and sweat the wasted time of their better halves. A natural conclusion, but—wait until the play is over, and the hall reveals itself, a new Tartarus, in all its awful splendor. Ah! now you can see what the friendly gloom, beloved of malefactors, concealed; and you recognize in the seats around you a score of these martyred benedicts. And since it is now granted you to fight in the light, you can force them to explain their presence in this den of vulgarity. They will tell you that it helps digestion, or that it “clears up the brain like a baseball game.” All that may be true, but if you will sit beside one of them, noting his comments at the “psychological moment,” you may be led to conclude that considerations similar to those affecting their better halves are not entirely absent from their minds. Comely she is, surely; and after all, are such visions to be excluded from a comprehensive Palace of Dreams? Mahomet, constructing a Paradise for his followers, was wiser and more generous.

Not all of the spectators, moreover, are Mahometans. The old man with the snowy beard, so intent upon the picturesquely staged Irish romance, sees in the winsome heroine the sweetheart of his own youth; the boy beside him dreams with the triumphant lover of the day when he too will fetch his bride to a rose-bowered cottage of his own. The girls in the audience sit spell-bound; the women forget in their absorption even their neighbor's headgear. A few gallery gods may express crudely their appreciation of the *dénouement*, but none the less you feel that half of the audience find here their only escape from reality, their only taste of the infinite consolation of the Arts. To them the crumbling goddess is a Muse, and her ritual their only glimpse of Poetry.

Poetry and music, for the Palace of Dreams dispenses both. It is wretched music, but it supplies the words of the drama, makes it real by filling the idle ear with sound. A poor little German 'orchestra,' violin and piano, its strains are needed to complete the illusion, to build the dream-walls so closely that they shut out the insistent frescoes on either side. The music clothes the drama, reënforces it, carries its movements like a flowing tide, imitates the gallop of Milady's pony or the approach of the rescue train: but without that tinkling flood to bear it onward, it must be in truth a 'powerful play' whose interest proves strong enough to drown out the clicking of the machine. Complex as Wagner's operas, the 'movies' require the aid of a sister art.

Sophistication is of course the essence of all the arts which express the modern spirit. Thus form and melody are combined, and as if that were not enough to give an edge to the jaded palate, the latest cinema reënforces these by the addition of color. As yet, unfortunately, the 'movies' have no theorist, no Wagner, no Marinetti, to outline in prefaces and manifestoes the development of this final art. But even this does not appear to impede their progress. Plays are written especially for them, magazines are published, trains are wrecked and ships sunk, houses are burned, and for them, even more than for legitimate drama, are buskins sewn and false hair manufactured into wigs. Actors who raved at them are raving in them. Managers have made

over their theatres, and the public, tired of the Trust and its dreary realistic plays, now finds everywhere an alchemist who will turn copper into fairy gold. *Panem et circenses*—does not the cinema give to the poorest that other bread not made with hands? Sitting there in the narrow seat of the Palace of Dreams, lost in its illusion and living by proxy, the inquiring psychologist may not think of these things, absorbed as he is in a world of shadows. But when the green baize doors have closed upon the Vision, when the dream fades away in the cold white daylight, leaving behind it only an inspiration or a resolve,—when he is out in the street again, with real men and women dancing before his dazzled eyes, he realizes that the Palace of Dreams is an institution, an art, a fact in our too definite modernity. He may ever wonder at the symbolism of this new art, or murmur sentimentally with the trite and sentimental Omar:—

We are no other than a moving row  
Of magic Shadow-shapes that come and go  
Round with the Sun-illuminated Lantern held  
In Midnight by the Master of the Show!

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## BUGABOO

German to the end was the Fatherland's diplomacy. And not the least German of its final efforts was the effort openly and officially made in a part of a statement authorized by the German Cabinet on the morning of May 20th through the Associated Press. "We demand nothing more than that Americans place the Fourteen Points opposite the peace terms," goes the statement. "We do not believe that anyone in the United States will have the courage to claim that there can be found in the peace conditions one single trace left of President Wilson's programme."

Not one single trace left of the Fourteen Points! Our dailies have carried that statement, in one form or another, in their reports of utterances of extreme Socialists, Bolsheviks, Pacifists, Anarchists, I. W. W., and U. S. Senators. Hearst papers have carried it "coiled in the Flag," as usual. Ultra-modern weeklies have carried it in their editorials. All the friends of Germany and enemies of this country shouted it—the whole crew of them—having already forgotten how long America bore with the arch-incendiary across the water; how at last she struck, and but once. And their dupes nodded, "Yes; that's so. Not a shred of the Fourteen left to hide our national shame."

Not one single trace left! We can't get over that. The President has been routed before, but never—never—has he failed to leave a single trace. He is about as traceless as Roosevelt. Let's do the thing that, strangely enough, the Germans and Pro-Germans didn't do—summon our courage and "place the Fourteen Points opposite the peace terms."

Not a trace! Here goes.

The first glance reveals three distinct traces,—namely, Points VII, VIII, X, providing respectively for the evacuation and restoration of Belgium, France—including Alsace-Lorraine—Rumania, Serbia, and Montenegro. The confusion that Germans and Pro-Germans would find in distinguishing traces of these Points in the peace terms is the confusion that all men suffer who think one thing and talk another. It isn't the lack of

traces that hurts; it's the presence of them. Three plainly visible traces here.

Points XI, XII, XIII, providing for the autonomous development of the peoples of Austria-Hungary and of Turkey, and the erection of an independent Polish State, including "the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish population," are equally plain to an open eye; equally painful to a German one.

True, the Conference had not worked out to completion the details involved in giving autonomy to the peoples of Austria-Hungary and Turkey, but its declared purposes and its actions have been unmistakable.

True, also, the Polish boundaries contain districts with large German majorities. Are these districts "indisputably Polish"? Well, what else are they? They certainly are not indisputably German, and they have got to be indisputably something. Three facts stand out: the majorities in these districts are indisputably Polish, successive Prussian governments and Pan-German leagues have tried to oust the Poles from what was indisputably Polish territory by methods that were indisputably German; the Conference has kept German the indisputably German territory of East Prussia, although had it chosen to regard East Prussia and West Prussia as a unit, it could have given both provinces to Poland on the ground that Prussia contained, as it actually does, a Polish majority. In the settlement of the Polish boundaries the non-German eye will not waver in recognizing an unshaken adherence to Point XIII.

Points XI, XII, and XIII we claim as discoveries and add them to the three indelible traces already found. Altogether—six traces.

The readjustment of the frontiers of Italy "along clearly recognizable lines of nationality," provided for by Point IX, has not been carried out in strict accord with the spirit of that Point. There do seem to be difficulties in applying these Points that demand "indisputably" and "clearly recognizable" solutions. But that's the way with categorical points of this nature, whether they be fourteen or only ten. Apparently the principle of nationality has been discarded in Italy's favor in so far as she has been granted military boundaries at Austria's expense. On

the other hand the same principle has been discarded to her detriment in the case of Fiume. But we must confess that Point IX as a trace is sadly blurred.

The impossible cannot be expected of the Conference, and it was impossible to fulfil to the letter Points VI, IV, and XIV. It was impossible to build right off a new Russia, such as the majority of Russians want built; it was impossible to disarm the nations and to form them into a League according to the letter of Points IV and XIV. But the motive that gave birth to Point VI has dominated the actions and intentions of the Conference in regard to Russia; and the motives that gave birth to Points IV and XIV have dominated the Peace terms.

Point VI: "The evacuation of Russian territory and . . . the best and freest coöperation . . . in obtaining for her an unhampered and unembarrassed determination of her own political development." Evacuate Russia. Evacuate a tornado! Coöperate with Russia. Yes; but which Russia? The Russia of Petrograd and Moscow or that of Archangel, Omsk, and the Don? The Conference tried the former. Prinkipo is unique among the attempts of governing bodies to coöperate with an enemy openly self-dedicated to cutting their throats. And the attempt failed. Followed an attempt, equally unique in its way, to fatten up the avowed assassin for his murderous work. And that attempt failed. It also! Can it be that in Lenine and Trotsky President Wilson has at last met people as refreshingly naïve as himself? Undoubtedly the Conference desires coöperation with Russia; obviously coöperation is possible only with a Russia that will coöperate.

Point IV: "Adequate guarantees given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety." We cannot conceive of anyone who would seriously say that the Conference did not honestly wish for the realization of this aim; that the realization of it would not have afforded the greatest relief to the Conference itself; that the Conference did not earnestly strive to realize it. But what was there to do? Exchange guarantees. But with whom? Could the Conference ask the world to exchange guarantees with Germany and forthwith to disarm? Not this world; not the

world that has experienced Germany in the flesh. But the Conference took the first and the longest stride in the direction of international disarmament: *it disarmed Germany.*

And Point XIV: "A general association must be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small states alike." Covenants — guarantees — political independence and territorial integrity to small states. Belgium! More guarantees; more scraps of paper. No; it cannot be said that a general association has been formed, since the immediate admission of Germany has not been provided for. But — the way for her admission has been left open. And that will come when the nations have regained confidence in Germany; when — well, if not in this world, perhaps, in the next. Why hurry? This general associating is not the only feature of the League of Nations ideal that is unlikely to be realized in the near future.

The Peace terms did not follow Point VI to the letter. But that was not the fault of the Conferees. The spirit of the Point finally controlled their actions and determined their engagements for the future. This fact we count another distinct trace of the Fourteen. Seven, in all. The Peace terms did not follow Points IV and XIV to the letter; they were formed by them. Point XIV, particularly, was so woven into the Terms that it could not be disentangled even by the Great Ignored among our Senators, powerful and incensed though they be to harm. The Borahs and other roarers will have passed into the footnotes of unread history before the yeast of Point XIV can have begun to work; but once it begins, it will work with yeast's multiplying force, and as long as the world shall live. This Point has charged the Terms with incalculable potentialities beside which all literal divergences between the former and the latter fade into illegibility. Its incorporation into the Terms constitutes the President's chief diplomatic triumph in Paris; his chief political triumph in Washington; one of the chief personal triumphs in history. The German Cabinet declared there are no traces of Point XIV in the Terms! Future German generations will rise to bless the traces their ancestors now declare obliterated.

Nine traces; not one less.

We proceed to the Points that have raised the more furious issues: Numbers I, II, III, and V.

We admit at once that the Peace was not an "open covenant openly arrived at," and that, in consequence, Point I has gone by the board. We pause, however, to register the opinion that the First Point is the only one of the Fourteen that has left no trace upon the Terms.

At first blush it looks as though the Terms contain no declaration or agreement concerning "Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas," and that, as a result, there is no trace of Point II in the Terms. But isn't freedom of the seas implied in the formation of a League of Nations? If a League of Nations isn't for just that kind of thing, in the name of all visions what is it for? From the congregated might of an international body formed for the purpose—and from it only—can the promulgation of international marine laws issue with authority. The promulgation of such laws will necessarily be a slow and never-ceasing process. It would be impossible to formulate anything permanent in six months; it would be difficult even to adopt a set of guiding principles; it would be inappropriate to incorporate either in the terms of a dictated peace. The main thing is that the machinery for keeping the seas open has been set up.

Closely akin to Point II is Point III, providing for "The removal, as far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions." It has proved one of the high pressure areas of the Peace terms. Unquestionably the Conference imposed economic restraints on Germany; but that it erected economic barriers is another question.

To begin with, the Conference could not have relieved Germany of economic restraints or secured an equality of trade conditions without surrendering reparations, which all nations—including Germany—acknowledge are due; for any indemnity is bound to handicap economically the country paying it. A number of the economic terms were framed for this very purpose—to secure the payment of the reparation awards. We need not discuss them. The issue here is not one of economic barriers, it is the issue of reparation or no reparation. And that is a dead issue.

Certain other of the terms covered by the German protest were simply and justly to prevent Germany's capitalizing the distress due to lack of necessities, which she herself has wantonly caused. Such were the provisions that for periods of from six months to three years Germany was to impose no tariff duties higher than the lowest in force in 1914 on specified food-stuffs and clothing materials, and to give options on a certain per cent of dyestuffs and chemical drugs. These Terms, by giving this the right of way, adequately protected the requirements of Germany's home consumption.

Similar protective measures were embodied in the Terms that for five years forbade Germany's imposing tariff duties on goods originating in former German territory and in Luxembourg, an obviously fair arrangement for preventing a change of sovereignty's ruining those of Germany's former subjects who had become dependent upon her internal trade.

We now come to economic Terms for which we make a claim that we realize no German, Pro-German, or other form of German would by any chance agree with. For five years Germany was required *under the condition of reciprocity* to give the Allies most-favored-nation treatment; admit their ships to the use of German ports on the same terms as those her own ships enjoy; give them most-favored-nation treatment in fishing and in coasting trade; offer adequate safeguards against unfair competition, especially the use of false markings; and promise to regard the laws and judicial decisions of allied states. As these terms were based on the principle of reciprocity, it seems to us that they went as far toward breaking down economic barriers as anything short of Free Trade could go.

Equally well aimed at the same goal was the opening of Germany's railroads and rivers to the use of the nations in the interior of Europe. If this and the foregoing do not constitute a removal of trade barriers, what does?

The great economic barrier, it must be confessed, was not removed—the protective tariffs of all nations. There is one very good reason why. The nations still regard the protection of trade as a national rather than an international question. And of all nations, America would probably be the last to consent to any

other interpretation. The abolition of protection by tariff, therefore, was impossible. We do not mean that failing to remove this—what many consider the most permanent—barrier to peace, the Conference in the least violated Point III; for the language of that Point, “the removal, *as far as possible*, of economic barriers,” laid on the Conference no onus to achieve the impossible.

Finally, any conclusion in regard to Point III must be reached in the light of the proposal—widely advocated at the time the Points were brought down from the mountain—that the Entente unite in a post-bellum boycott of German goods. If the main purpose of Point III was to prevent such a boycott, it achieved that purpose; and the friends of Germany should have been devoutly thankful.

The economic conditions of the Terms were in no wise responsible for economic hardships caused Germany by the reparation awards—awards that have been more mericiful than just. They have broken down certain economic barriers. They have raised not one. This negative achievement alone—to have prevented an economic boycott—reflects the influence of Point III.

There remains Point V, “A free, open-minded, and absolutely impartial adjustment of all colonial claims, based upon a strict observance of the principle that in determining all such questions of sovereignty the interests of the populations concerned must have equal weight with the equitable claims of the government whose title is so determined.” Germans and Pro-Germans will find scant traces of this Point in the mandatar system.

What could the Conference have done? “Based upon a strict observance of the principle that the interests of the populations concerned must have equal weight with the equitable claims of the government whose title is to be determined,” an adjustment that handed these colonies back to Germany was impossible; Germany’s brutalization of her former subjects precluded that solution. A grant of complete freedom to these colonies at the present stage of their development would have been a push on the backward path of Barbarism.

Guidance they needed. The question was, Whose? Ideally speaking, the proper guide was the League. We do not know

what objections to this solution arose. It may have been impractical. The ambitions of the great colonial Powers may have stood in the way of it. Perhaps the mandatory system *was* a compromise. We cannot deny it. But neither can anyone deny that the mandatory system is a direct product of Point V. The two great colonial Powers who conquered Germany's colonies renounced special privileges in their conquests and submitted to the overlordship of a League of Nations in the management of them. To this extent they submitted to one principle that Point V stood for—and, perhaps, the most vital principle—namely, that as in any country society at large assumes responsibility for its weak and backward individuals; so in the world society at large—a society of nations—assumes responsibility for its weak and backward nations.

No one can accurately foresee the far-reaching results of this recognition. It is just possible that France and England signed away their colonial empires when they recognized a principle that may ultimately disintegrate these and reintegrate their parts under a single mandatory—the mandatory of humanity, the League of Nations. The eye that sees no trace of Point V in the colonial adjustment reached by the Conference is blind to one of the most significant of the influences exerted by the Fourteen Points.

Not a single trace left of the Fourteen Points! Against that we place a claim: only a single one of the Fourteen Points has *not* left a trace. True the traces are not equally clear. Nine Points have left unmistakable traces,—namely those that have to do with the restoration of Belgium, France, Rumania, Serbia, Poland, and Russia; with the autonomous development of the peoples of Austria-Hungary and of Turkey; with international disarmament and the formation of a League of Nations. In two other cases the traces are less distinct—removal of economic barriers and colonial adjustment; in two others, still less so—Italian boundaries and freedom of the seas. But even here traces of the Fourteen Points are visible to the naked eye. The First Point is the only one that has not influenced the Terms.

Not one single trace! Maybe this was another case of Germany's deluding herself,—another case of England wouldn't come in, Italy wouldn't come in, America wouldn't come in;

France couldn't fight, England couldn't fight, America couldn't fight; America's transports would be sunk, England's navy would be sunk, England herself would be sunk; England's colonies would revolt, Entente Socialists would revolt, German-Americans would revolt. (Ireland *did* revolt. Just like Ireland—ever inexplicable.)

Or maybe it was another case of Bugaboo—of threatening to proclaim a Mohammedan holy war if France and Britain used African and Asiatic troops, to destroy Europe if the Entente didn't stop fighting, to join the Russian Bolsheviki if the Conference didn't draw up the Peace terms Germany wanted.

Was it a case of German self-delusion? Or was it a case of German Bugaboo—a case of attempting to scare our national conscience with the accusation of a crime that had never been committed? Self-delusion or Bugaboo—which?

Not a trace! That's too much for even the German power of self-delusion; it *must* have been Bugaboo.

JOHN MANNING BOOKER.

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## KENYON COX

On the Continent an artist is ordinarily a bohemian with long hair, untidy garments and little learning save in the use of brush or chisel. In England and America he is usually a cultivated gentleman, of elegant manners and becoming dress, learned in the history of his craft and generally well informed; a man shining in the best society and fitted to adorn any position. The example set by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was not only a great painter, but a prince among men, has generally been followed by Anglo-Saxon artists.

Since the days of the Cathedral Builders there has been no such revival of architecture as that which we have witnessed in the United States during the last thirty years. The glory that was Greece almost lived again in the World's Fairs of Chicago and St. Louis, while the splendor of Spanish architecture with its possibilities of color was exemplified at the Panama-Pacific Exposition as never before. Tuscan architecture, even in the hands of Brunelleschi, never achieved anything of purer lines than the Library at Boston or the Mint at Denver. Since the disappearance of Aladdin's Palace there has been nothing more beautiful than the entrance hall of the Library of Congress, while the interior of its dome is one of the most nobly harmonious of man's creations. The great Italian tower attached to the Public Buildings at Springfield, Massachusetts, is, in my judgment, the most beautiful tower in the world save only Giotto's Campanile at Florence. Many of the states, like Wisconsin, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Arkansas, Missouri, and Utah, have erected splendid capitols modeled upon our glorious national edifice, but with variations that make them worthy of individual study. In almost every American city there has recently sprung up, as if by the stroke of a magician's wand, some building that is a thing of exquisite beauty. But the supreme triumph of American architecture is probably the Woolworth building in New York. America's one original contribution to architecture has been the sky-scraper, a thing so useful that it was plainly destined to infinite multiplication and yet so ugly that it seemed hopeless;

but the genius of Mr. Cass Gilbert transformed it into a resplendent shrine of perpendicular Gothic, which, lifting its snowy and gilded pinnacles to the height of eight hundred feet, is one of the most sublime and one of the most beautiful things on earth. In pleasing contrast with this magnificent revival of mediæval art is the exquisite classic purity, combined with originality, of the Lincoln Memorial at Washington.

In accordance with the spirit of the age, our triumphs have been mostly in civic architecture. It is the State, and not the Church, which is supreme in the minds and hearts of Americans. We are not noisy in our patriotism, like the French or the Germans; but the universal response of all our people to their country's call when the World's War demanded sacrifices, placed our patriotism and our idealism beyond question. Though our first allegiance is to the State, we are on the whole a religious people. While the President of the French Republic dares not enter a church for religious worship, it seems impossible in America to elect a man to that office who is not a churchgoer. And so we have constructed many noble religious edifices. No one can be insensible to the solemn beauty of Trinity Cathedral in Boston or the Chapel of Leland Stanford University, which we owe to the genius of Richardson. St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York is a noble piece of Gothic and St. Thomas is a Gothic masterpiece so original and so fascinating that none can fail to admire it; while the great Catholic Cathedral in St. Louis is one of the grandest specimens of the Romance style.

Architecture leads the sister arts. You must have a house before you proceed to adorn it, and the house should be a beautiful one to inspire the artist to do his best. It was natural that this splendid flowering of architectural genius should be attended by an awakening of painting and sculpture.

The sin of American painting had been its triviality. So far as mere technical skill was concerned, our painters were unsurpassed. But they seemed to have nothing to say. Whistler's fatal dictum that "Art should be independent of all clap-trap, should stand alone and appeal to the artistic eye or ear without confounding it with emotions entirely foreign to it, as devotion, pity, love, patriotism, or the like," had met with general accep-

tance. The favorite art teacher of America, William M. Chase, devoted his life to expounding the doctrine that it was immaterial what you painted provided you painted it well, declaring that Velasquez could make a sublime masterpiece out of a broken pot and a tin can. Art, which like literature, should be all-embracing, which should voice the deepest feeling and the loftiest aspirations of humanity, became the diversion of trifling dilettantes and soulless mandarins. It lost all touch with the great heart of humanity; and yet the artists wondered why so few were interested in what they did.

When it comes to the decoration of public buildings an artist must have something to say. The people may be mediocre judges of technical accomplishment; but they are the best judges of the worth of the message that the artist seeks to convey. The minds and hearts of our people are wholesome and sound, and any noble message conveyed in fitting terms meets with a prompt response. Shakespeare is the greatest of artists; and the boys in the peanut gallery never fail to applaud at the right place. The splendid edifices which our architects have reared call aloud for decoration; and the artists have responded nobly. So far, owing perhaps to our unhappy practice of dividing commissions amongst a number of artists, so that unity of design is impossible, we have had no perfect masterpiece of decoration, such as Raphael's Camera della Segnatura, Pinturicchio's Library of the Siena Cathedral, or Baudry's Foyer of the Paris Opera House; but with Mr. Blashfield and Kenyon Cox at their head, our school of decorative painters has for some years been easily the foremost of the world. These leaders have carried on in splendid fashion the two great decorative traditions. Mr. Blashfield has devoted himself to the style of Raphael with its perfection of line, its skill in composition, its spiritual elevation. His essay on Raphael as a decorative painter in his *Italian Cities* is beyond comparison the best exposition of Raphael's art from the decorative standpoint that has ever been written, and no living man comes so close in spirit or in execution to him who was justly hailed as the Prince of Painters. Kenyon Cox, on the other hand, carried on the glorious tradition of Venice, with its love of splendid color and its joy in sensuous beauty. He modeled his style on Paul Veronese, who

was not the greatest artist of the Venetian school, who lacked the depth and universality of Titian and the haunting charm of Giorgione, but who was its most accomplished decorator.

In the beginning Mr. Cox was led astray by the mighty genius of Puvis de Chavannes, and painted such masterpieces as the exquisite but almost colorless pictures illustrative of the arts and sciences in the Hall of Prints in the Congressional Library; but eventually he perceived that great as were the talents of the illustrious Frenchman, he had made a mistake in renouncing the charm of rich and glowing color; that there was no reason why the walls of a room should be of pale, lifeless tones; that a grand design would be made more delightful by clothing it in brilliant hues. Then he turned to the great Venetians for inspiration and guidance, and no artist of our day has come so close to equaling their achievement. Like Veronese, he was essentially a civic and not a religious painter. His religious works are few and not conspicuous in his achievement; but his great civic decorations, most of which are idealistic presentations of the principles of good government and of the blessings of the arts and sciences, adorn our public buildings from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and everywhere they are a joy to the eye, a delight to the soul, an inspiration to a richer and a nobler life. Born in 1865, he was not a young man when he passed away in the spring of this year; but his death was premature, for he still had the enthusiasm and fecundity of youth, and many of his latest productions, such as the splendid *Tradition*, now in the Cleveland Public Gallery, so glowing in color, so delightful in composition, so full of meaning, were among his finest works. It is sad to think of the noble masterpieces, full of beauty and full of thought, of which his death has robbed us.

Great as were the services to American Art which Mr. Cox rendered with his brush, those which he rendered with his pen were perhaps as great. He was our foremost and most inspiring art critic. His pictures are full of meaning because his mind was stored with vast learning in the field of art. He has found his own style, which was the appropriate vehicle for the expression of the message that he had to convey, and he adhered to it; but he knew with unusual thoroughness the history of art, and he was keenly alive to its every worthy manifestation.

The volumes of essays and addresses which he published from time to time are easily America's best contribution to art criticism. If I were asked which single book is the most enlightening and inspiring in the field of art and which the safest guide, I should answer, Kenyon Cox's *The Classic Point of View*. It covers almost the whole field, and the principles which it advocates with so much ability and with such charm of style are so just that it should be universally read. On the European Continent every gentleman and lady is supposed to be able to talk intelligently on art. Few Americans know or care anything about it; and so they are deprived of one of the greatest means of enjoyment, and they know not how poor are their lives in consequence. Few of our schools and colleges give any instruction in art; and when they do, it is usually from a merely technical standpoint. *The Classic Point of View* should be a text-book in every college. The young men and young women who become familiar with its pages will have a broader, a saner, a more enlightened view of art and a deeper appreciation of the beauties of nature.

Of all the answers to the silly cry of "Art for Art's sake"—meaning that art should have nothing to do with thought or emotion, but should be the plaything of languid mandarins who think that they dwell in ivory towers—it seems to me that Mr. Cox's *Artist and Public* is the most eloquent and the most conclusive. It is an appeal for the noble, the sane and the beautiful in art that cannot be read too often.

I do not pretend to agree with Mr. Cox in all his criticisms. It seems to me that in exalting Paul Veronese above Titian, who stands next to Shakespeare in his universality and in his sane humanity, he magnifies too much the decorative side of art; and his admiration for Mr. Sargent's *The Hermit*, in the Metropolitan Museum, which seems to me impressionism run stark mad, appears strangely at variance with the body of his doctrine; but on the whole his criticism is as full of common sense as it is of enlightenment; and the delightfully lucid style in which it is couched makes it a joy even to the uninstructed.

GEORGE B. ROSE.

Little Rock, Arkansas.

## BOOK REVIEWS

**AUTHORITY IN THE MODERN STATE.** By Harold J. Laski. New Haven, Yale University Press. Pp. 398. 1919.

The Great War, which has so profoundly stirred up the masses against the classes, and which has everywhere raised up prophets of a new democracy, is calling for a revaluation of all our social and governmental institutions. In particular, a new interpretation of the limits of political authority in the State, and of its correlative, political obedience in the citizen, is needed. This new interpretation Mr. Laski undertakes to give in the book which lies before us.

What is the State? A being, a conception apart from its members? A will apart from the will of the individuals composing it? No, says Mr. Laski, such a conception of the State will inevitably confuse State-will with the will of those who hold in their hands the government, and the government has always been in the hands of those who wield and monopolize economic power. Therefore, concludes Mr. Laski, "a democratic society must reject the sovereign state as by definition inconsistent with democracy." Our author does not deny that the State is, and must be, invested with sovereign power, but, after all, he insists, the State is but one of the many forms of human association. Certain moral feelings, certain forms of economic activity are too sacred, too vital to the "good life" to be submitted to the external compulsion of the State. In these activities, e. g., churches, or trade-unions, the State must stand neutral, and the neutrality can only be brought about by the withdrawal of these spheres of action from the domain of the State. There must be a division of power between the State and other forms of association. "There is a clear tendency upon the part of industrial and professional groups to become self-governing." Give us, then, not centralization but federalization of power, says Mr. Laski; for "to make the State omnipotent is to leave it at the mercy of any group that is powerful enough to exploit it" (p. 385).

The book is a valuable contribution to the theory of the State.

But to our mind its chief interest lies in the very full, and altogether admirable, discussion of the works and theories of the great French writers on Church and State of the nineteenth century, such as Bonald, Lamennais, Royer-Collard, Brunetière, and Bourget. Mr. Laski has thoroughly familiarized himself with the personalities and the writings of these great Frenchmen; he devotes three of his five chapters to them, and nowhere can a student of French political theory more profitably turn than to these chapters. Mr. Laski has the gift of epigrammatic style and striking illustration.

S. L. WARE.

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WORLD-POWER AND EVOLUTION. By Ellsworth Huntington, Ph.D., Research Associate in Geography, Yale University. New Haven: Yale University Press. Pp. 285. 1919.

Dr. Huntington's book gives an excellent and original treatment of the intimate relation between business and health, and between health and climate, and leads up to a consideration of their influence in the World War and the practical application of the results of favorable climate to nations in the future.

Economic causes alone are not sufficient to account for the instability of business conditions, for back of these we find a mental attitude which expresses itself in conditions and which is a reflection of the state of health through which a people have just passed. Variations in the health of a people follow variations in climate after the lapse of a short period of time. Climate probably was an important factor in the evolution of both the animal world and of the human race. The changes from aquatic to amphibian modes of life, from amphibian to terrestrial, followed definite changes in climate. Periods of climatic stress and climatic variability as experienced during certain geological periods, apparently brought about the development of the warm-blooded animals, better able to withstand the changing conditions of the air. Laboratory experiments upon animal forms show that the effect of climatic change is to produce mutants, some of which are able to transmit their peculiarities to their descendants. These conditions which have influenced the production of mutants in the animal world have been at work producing various types of man, each a product of the peculiar climate in which

he developed. Examples of peoples so influenced by an energizing climate as to desire to force their ideas upon surrounding peoples are seen in Ancient Rome and Modern Germany.

It remains for all nations to direct the energy of any strong nation along idealistic lines, and to turn the strength of that nation into work for the common good.

The mass of statistics which are compiled with great care deal with many sections of the world, and indicate that further investigation should be carried on before this theory is definitely accepted or rejected. W.

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THE NEW AMERICA. By Frank Dilnot. New York: The Macmillan Company.

"The soul of a nation," says Mr. Dilnot, is "no more to be observed at a glance than the soul of a man. My task has been to take note of the externals, of the symbols, so to speak, to try to extract some messages from them, not separately, but as a whole." These messages are set forth with frankness, clearness, and genialty. He was at first jarred and shocked by what seems to him a lack of manners of the people on the streets, for rarely did he hear an apology offered or a "Thank you" spoken. On the other hand, however, to the American traveller in Britain the constant iteration of "Beg pardon" and "Thank you" in the colorless tone of the butler or clerk or maid or passerby on the street becomes monotonous and meaningless. He liked our food (except the bacon and the ham, though he evidently did not get a taste of the Smithfield brand), our dress and drink (except our tea), and even our language, spoken and written (with certain reservations). American women he found charming, and our public men he characterizes as "men of juice." By our seaside resorts with "half-clad men lingering about sun-bathing with their women friends" he was not favorably impressed, and though admitting the superior comforts and conveniences of our big hotels, he sadly missed his English custom of placing his "boots" outside his door to find them polished in the morning. I wonder if he missed the inevitable "jug" of hot water. On the whole his attitude is kindly and sympathetic, neither too

laudatory nor too critical. "Our very differences," he declares, "bind us together."

The book seems to have been very hastily written and rushed through the press with the most superficial proofreading, for errors of grammar are frequent, there are numerous misprints, and the punctuation is intermittent.

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A HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES. By Waddy Thompson. Boston and New York: D. C. Heath and Company.

This is a revision and enlargement of a highly successful textbook designed to make the young pupils appreciate more fully the world-democracy which our country has recently furnished men and millions to establish. "While the view-point is essentially American, the author has endeavored to set forth clearly the relations that have existed in the past between the United States and other countries in order that the pupils may the better understand the duties and responsibilities of the present and the better meet the problems. . . . Since the achievements of statesmen and soldiers have not alone made the greatness of the United States, . . . the accounts of political and military phases of our history have been abridged so that the commercial, industrial, and social phases might be given their appropriate share of attention. The text is thus made rather a story of the everyday life of the people." The book furnishes for high school students an accurate, clear, fair, and interesting story of our national life.

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WAR AIMS AND PEACE IDEALS. Selections in Prose and Verse Illustrating the Aspirations of the Modern World. Edited by Tucker Brooke and Henry Seidel Canby. New Haven: Yale University Press.

In the Preface the editors explain that they "have chosen carefully from the writings of both friends and enemies those that seemed best to illuminate the ideals that caused or carried on the war and will be significant of the future." The selections, taken not from state documents or official propaganda but from the utterances of private individuals, include noteworthy

passages from the writings of Nietzsche, Liebknecht, Emile Cammaerts, Bergson, Sir Gilbert Murray, Bruno Rosselli, Dostoevsky, N. Velmirovic, Edouard Benes, Woodrow Wilson, and others, and furnish a comprehensive and impartial review of the conflict of ideals in the World War.

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**AFTER THE WAR—WHAT?** By James H. Baker. Boston: The Stratford Company.

The President Emeritus of the University of Colorado, the author of this little book, seeks to answer a question that has been asked many a time of late, and takes a hopeful view of the future, confident that "guided by scientific knowledge, united by common interest, with reasoned plans and aims," we shall reconstruct society on a more liberal basis and "shall make our dreams come true."

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**THE GREAT TRADITION.** A Book of Selections from English and American Prose and Poetry, illustrating the National Ideals of Freedom, Faith, and Conduct. Chosen and edited by Edwin Greenlaw and James H. Hanford. Chicago: Scott, Foresman, and Company.

"The task of the editors has been to select a body of prose and poetry that should not only illustrate the 'planet-like music' of great thought clad in fitting vesture, but should also reveal a great tradition, a constant and progressive commentary on what the race has achieved in the arts of life." A further object of the book, as set forth in the introduction, is to bring about a closer coöperation between the teacher of English and the teachers of history, ethics, and metaphysics, of social science, of government. The design is an excellent one and for the most part it has been well carried out, many fine passages, for example, from Milton's prose being included to illustrate his ideals of freedom, and from Burns and Burke and Wordsworth to exhibit the rise of modern democracy. But some readers will feel that certain extracts are remotely related to the "great tradition" and will regret that other passages have not been cited, as for example Henry V's ideal of kingship in contrast with Richard II's conception of divine right. The problem of selection, how-

ever, must have been a peculiarly difficult one for the editors, who, after all deductions are made, have produced a volume that should prove, in the hands of a thoughtful teacher, a guide and an inspiration.

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ANATOLE FRANCE. By Lewis Piaget Shanks. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

"Anatole France is an idealist turned inside out by life, an inverted idealist like Swift in his last phase, distilling acid sarcasm until again he is swept from philosophy into action by the world war. . . . To read all of Anatole France is to see how a sensitive artist found himself in an unfavorable environment, and by giving us his egoism in patient works of art, proved, even more than by his propaganda, a great 'doer' and a real benefactor of humanity." From the foregoing sentences it may be seen that Professor Shanks is filled with enthusiasm for his subject, and further passages might be cited to show that he catches something of the charm and incisiveness of style characteristic of his French hero. Keenly analytical and clear in its presentation, the book is a timely and valuable contribution to our knowledge of a great figure in contemporary literature.

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HENRY ROSENBERG (1824-1893). To commemorate the gifts of Henry Rosenberg to Galveston this volume is issued by the Rosenberg Library, Galveston, Texas.

"Henry Rosenberg came to Galveston, a Swiss boy of nineteen, with no money but with native ability. After fifty years of life in that city as a prosperous merchant and banker, an unpretentious and generous man, and a useful and public-spirited citizen, he passed away in his sixty-ninth year in 1893, leaving by his will a very large part of his wealth for wisely chosen public purposes in Galveston, the principal amount being the residuum for a free public library. . . . The Rosenberg Library Board of Directors now deems it fitting to commemorate the public gifts and bequests of Henry Rosenberg by means of this volume." The book is a product of the De Vinne Press.

**MODERN PUNCTUATION.** Its Utilities and Conventions. By George Summey, Jr. New York: Oxford University Press.

This is a treatment of punctuation as an art, not a mere formulation of rigid rules. "Most problems of punctuation, aside from the easy one of finding what is permissible, may be reduced to questions of (1) clearness, (2) management of emphasis, (3) movement, including economy and variety." Chapters IV-VII deal with punctuation marks according to their functions, chapter VIII treats the various points one by one. Chapter IX considers some types of punctuation as seen in current books and periodicals. "Unquestionably," says Mr. Summey, "there is need of a better understanding of an art—an art and not a code—which is practiced blindly or intelligently by all who speak through type." His own study, based on first-hand investigation of practice in recent American-printed books and periodicals, should prove a useful book both to teachers of English and contributors to the magazines.

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**PRONUNCIATION OF STANDARD ENGLISH IN AMERICA.** By George Philip Krapp. New York: Oxford University Press.

For those who desire an inflexible standard of pronunciation by which to model their own speech this book will prove a disappointment, for Professor Krapp, like Professor Lounsbury in his *Authority in English Pronunciation*, comes to the conclusion that "we have no standard beyond opinion, which in a democratic society must always be many-headed." Instead, then, of furnishing lists of words often mispronounced, he gives chapters on the mechanism of speech, description of sounds, their nature and their occurrence, in order to show how the whole subject should be approached, and what principles should guide the student in choosing one pronunciation rather than another, so that an intelligent person may observe and record accurately and make his own dictionary as he goes along. Thus in line with the social, political, and religious tendencies of to-day Professor Krapp, instead of inculcating a blind adherence to authority, throws upon the individual the burden of observing for himself and deciding for himself, and pleads for "a broad charity in judgment where there is a diversity of opinion and practice among reasonable people."

EDUCATION AND CITIZENSHIP. By Edward Kidder Graham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This volume brings together "a number of the more notable addresses and papers on education, culture, citizenship, and allied subjects, of the late Edward Kidder Graham, President of the University of North Carolina, whose death on October 26, 1918, in his forty-third year, brought his distinguished career as educator and scholar to an untimely end." The essays and addresses deal with such subjects as education and democracy, culture and citizenship, student and college relations, literary studies, and are characterized by a spirit of freshness, enthusiasm, genial humor, and high-mindedness.

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HUMAN NATURE AND ITS REMAKING.—MORALE AND ITS ENEMIES. By William Ernest Hocking, Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy in Harvard University. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. Pp. xxvi, 434 and xi, 200. 1918.

Everything that Professor Hocking touches has stimulating suggestiveness and distinction of style. But "Human Nature" can hardly be adequately discussed even in a book of five hundred pages, more or less, and Professor Hocking cannot be said to have delved very deeply into the tremendous complex he is studying in the larger book. Then, too, his psychological discrimination is not quite sure of touch. For instance, on page 56, he has a table of instincts, wherein "curiosity, play, pugnacity and fear" are "writ large" as coördinate instincts. Nothing, however, will be gained by mixing up emotions and impulse, comparatively simple attitudes and tremendously complex ones. Fear and play belong to different orders, and normal states of the latter need as much special study as do abnormal states of the former. However, the reader of Professor Hocking's *The Meaning of God in Human Experience* will find that his *Human Nature and Its Remaking* is a good supplement to the author's practical-mystical treatment of the nature of the conception of God—a treatment that is a classic of its kind.

The smaller book on morale is directly based on Professor Hocking's work with the soldiers, and is one of the most valuable pieces of reflective observation that the war has produced

on this important topic. We quote a few golden bits: Morale has to do with "virility, integrity, spiritedness, endurance"; "what condition is to the body, morale is to the mind"; "the last touch that cannot be commanded but can only be given"; "irresistible orthodoxy of war"; "the war cannot be seen"; "each one living vicariously on the imagination of the rest"; "the common pain . . . can bring about a common awakening"; "to place the enemy in a different species is to diminish his responsibility"; "the chief danger in defying 'neutral' opinion is that it is the opinion of one's own soul"; "a virtue is not separate from the outer situation"; through leadership "the thrust of the will is simplified and concentrated"; "the soldier must be a versatile animal"; unwillingness to be the protected person; the soldier is the "man that lives always at the frontier"; "training decreases fear by increasing the proportion of the known"; "human nature prefers to be held to rigorous standards"; "to have made up one's mind to the final sacrifice, and then to fill what time one has with the maximum of effort"; need of "something to do while waiting."

This vital book is one more sign that the world needs to vitalize its morality with morale, if peace is to include all that is worthy in war.

T. P. BAILEY.

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THE NATURE OF MYSTICISM. By C. Jinarajadasa, M.A.—STARLIGHT: SEVEN ADDRESSES GIVEN FOR LOVE OF THE STAR. By C. W. Leadbeater. Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India. 1917.

These little books (pp. 75 and 104) ought to help win sympathy for the Great Aspiration that underlies Theosophy and which, at its best, is in close touch with the mysticism of St. Paul and the Fourth Gospel. The first book treats of the Mysticism of Grace and of Love, and of four types of Mysticism: Pantheistic, Nature, Sacramental, Theosophical. On pages 64 and 65 we have a statement of the three main ideas of Theosophy: (1) God is both a Transcendent Absolute and an Immanent Creative Logos; (2) Man is an expression of Divinity, 'Very God of Very God,' and like his Maker is both transcendent and immanent in nature; (3) The universe is guided in all its changes by the Divine Consciousness, with the great aim of bringing the immanent

divinity of man into transcendent expression. Christians cannot afford to cavil at such fundamental conceptions.

*Starlight* is the theosophical doctrine of the Great Expectation of the Coming of the World-Teacher. Differences of terms should not alienate sympathy: World-Teacher or Messiah, Adepts or Angels and Principalities, Astral Bodies or Spiritual Bodies—well, may not some devout souls be helped and uplifted by a new symbolism, and may it not help divers hidebound Christian dogmatists to shed their scarf-skins occasionally? At any rate, one could wish that many a so-called Christian might seriously lay to heart these penetrating and practical words from *Starlight* (pp. 24): "So soon as a man comes to realize the Coming of the Christ, he has at once an interest which causes him to wake up spiritually, to look round and see what he can really do, not for the personal self, but for the Christ who is to come. He must begin to prepare himself, and soon he tries also to help others to prepare.

"The first activity for the most of us is to make ourselves fit—to make ourselves real and efficient souls. We must develop the qualities needed for work, and in order to do that we must train the character, we must get the vehicles in order. That is quite a large piece of work for the average man, but he realizes in a moment that it must be done, when he knows that the Lord is coming."

T. P. B.

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BEYOND LIFE. By James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride and Co. Pp. 358. 1919.

Two lines of the versified dedication may be quoted as the author's unconscious, or self-consciously perverse, comment on his own book:—

"Garrulity again begets  
Unconscionable dreadful debts."

The advertising fly-leaves of the book are filled with quoted abuse of the author's other books: hence he would seem to delight in harsh criticism. Nevertheless we must here content ourselves with the suggestion, that Mr. Cabell's "style" seems to attract some folk directly, and others by way of irritation, and that there is some real thought hidden amid the whimsicality of the author's

wealthy verbiage. Perhaps the clearest thought in the book is to be found in the concluding lines: "We are being made into something quite unpredictable, I imagine: and through the purging and the smelting, we are sustained by an instinctive knowledge that we are being made into something better. For this we know, quite uncommunicably, and yet as surely as we know that we will to have it thus.

"And it is this will that stirs in us to have the creatures of earth and affairs of earth; not as they ought to be, which we call romance. But when we note how visibly it sways all life we perceive that we are talking about God." T. P. B.

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THE BEGINNING OF SCIENCE, BIOLOGICALLY AND PSYCHOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED. By Edward J. Menge, M.A., Ph.D., M.Sc., Professor of Biology in the University of Dallas.—BACKGROUND FOR SOCIAL WORKERS. By the same author. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Pp. 256 and 214. 1918.

To criticise these books is almost like striking a baby; for the author's piety toward his wife and his parents and the Holy Roman Church is childlike and deserving of sympathy. Unfortunately, it takes a master to write popular "introductions" successfully, and Professor Menge's gossipy attitude and Roman Catholic propagandousness—if the word may be allowed—are not reassuring to the ordinary reader for whom the book claims to be written.

One definition may give a fair idea of the author's scientific exactness in expression (*The Beginning of Science*, p. 47): "Genetica is the study of the origin and development of everything and anything that may throw light upon the child."

Each book is equipped with an exhaustive catechetical Summary and a naïve Bibliography. T. P. B.

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ROUSSEAU AND ROMANTICISM. By Irving Babbitt. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

CURRENTS AND EDDIES IN THE ENGLISH ROMANTIC GENERATION. By Frederick E. Pierce. New Haven: Yale University Press.

These two important books are reserved for review in the next issue.

CHRISTIAN BELIEF IN GOD. A German Criticism of German Materialistic Philosophy, by Georg Wobbermin, Ph.D., Professor of Dogmatics in the University of Heidelberg. Translated from the third German edition by Daniel Sommer Robinson, Ph.D., Acting Chaplain, U. S. N. New Haven: Yale University Press. Pp. xix, 175. 1918.

It is becoming the fashion to confront Germans with Germans—a wholesome indication; for even Nietzsche has been atrociously treated in being claimed as a saint of the Teutomaniacs. Dr. Wobbermin has read the translator's manuscript and has given valuable suggestions: hence we may infer that he is not a conspicuous "strafer."

The little book is of solid value through and through. Many a person would be greatly benefited by assimilating even one of the author's careful formulations, such for instance, as this: "For the world of living things constitutes a connected whole, and when we consider it above all, as it seems to me we must, from the point of view of evolution, it represents a great work of art, which is self-perfecting in the sense that the lower forms of life lead to higher and higher forms" (p. 96).

T. P. B.

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THE SHORTER BIBLE. THE NEW TESTAMENT. Translated and arranged by Charles Foster Kent, with the collaboration of Charles Cutler Torrey, Henry A. Sherman, Frederick Harris, and Ethel Cutler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The Shorter Bible does not aim to take the place of the complete text or of the time-honored versions, but simply to single out and set in logical and as far as possible chronological order those parts of the Bible which are of vital interest and practical value to the present age."

It is difficult, however, to discover the principle according to which the text has been shortened, especially in *Romans*, where whole chapters are eliminated, sometimes to the injury of Paul's closely reasoned arguments. The translation, too, is disappointing, being at times inaccurate, at other times inadequate. In the Song of Simeon, for example, the *Nunc Dimittis*, the Greek present indicative is rendered as an imperative, "Now let thy servant depart in peace," instead of the familiar and more accurate "lettest thou." There is no authority in any of the

texts for the imperative in this passage. In *Romans* the well-known passage "There is no respect of persons with God," is translated "no distinction of race," which is less exact. In still other passages the translation approaches to a paraphrase. Nevertheless, the book is convenient in size and in the arrangement of the text, simple yet dignified in the language, and it should help to bring the Bible into more vital relation with the lives of men and women of to-day.

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STUDIES IN MARK'S GOSPEL. By A. T. Robertson. New York: Macmillan Company.

Dr. Robertson adopts the earliest possible date for Mark's Gospel, 50 A.D., contends that Mark wrote in Greek and that we have his original Greek version substantially unchanged, and though admitting with considerable caution that Mark "shows some use of Q," insists that his Gospel and Q are themselves based on sources, the chief of which for Mark was Peter. In Mark, on the other hand, we have the chief source used by both Matthew and Luke. In textual criticism, therefore, Professor Robertson occupies a safe middle ground. In his discussion of the miraculous element in Mark's Gospel he is at times ultra-conservative. For example, in treating the cure of the demoniac in Mark 5:1-20 he admits that "there are difficulties in the narrative as to the loss of property and demons in hogs, but we are concerned here only with the tremendous effect, the cure of this terrible man of the tombs and of the mountains." Again, "The cursing of the withered fig tree puzzled the disciples, for the tree was not responsible for its having leaves before figs. But this also is an acted parable, an object-lesson for them and for us. We must not advertise what we do not have." All of this will strike some readers as woefully inadequate and perilously like side-stepping.

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RELIGION AND THE WAR. By members of the Faculty of the School of Religion, Yale University. Edited by E. Hershey Sneath, Ph.D., LL.D. New Haven: Yale University Press. Pp. 178. 1918.

The soup here is not as thick as it might be. Much of the thickening is to be found in the paper by Professor Macintosh

on "God and History," the paper on the "Christian Hope in Times of War" by Professor Porter, and the paper, original and forceful as usual in Professor Bacon's work, on "Non-Resistance: Christian or Pagan?" The last-named is the *pièce de résistance* of the book, and is worthy reading for the sentimental pacifist.

T. P. B.

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FOR GOD AND COUNTRY. By Randolph H. McKim. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

This is a collection of sermons and addresses delivered by Dr. McKim before our country decided to enter the war. They are full of a spirit of militant Christianity, and serve to "exonerate the Church from the charge that in the greatest tragedy of human history she was content to sit by the fire warming herself."

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THE SOUL OF LEE. By Randolph H. McKim. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

"The purpose of this little volume is to give in brief compass an epitome of the life and campaigns of General Robert E. Lee, with sufficient detail, however, to convey a true impression of his genius as a soldier and his exalted character as a man." It is written by one of Lee's soldiers.

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DANTE. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. New Haven: Yale University Press.

This is "an elementary book for those who seek in the great poet the teacher of spiritual life," a "primer which leaves learning to one side and busies itself with Dante as a poet and believer in eternal righteousness." In spite of Mr. Sedgwick's modest disclaimer, however, the book is learned without being either pedantic or dull, for it is written by one who appreciates the literary beauty and spiritual power of Dante's work and succeeds in bringing us into intimate, vital relation with his personality and genius. "We ask," says Mr. Sedgwick, "of a great book that it shall take us up on a tower, as it were, show us wider regions of life than of ourselves we can perceive, and, by the illumination of that wider knowledge, help us to choose our own path with a truer sense of what is good in life."

AFTERGLOW. By James Fenimore Cooper, Jr., Captain Field Artillery. New Haven: Yale University Press.

This little collection of poems, some of which were contributed to the *Yale Literary Magazine* and other college and school periodicals is, the Foreword tells us, "of the nature of a memorial volume, whose contents derive a pathos from the author's early and heroic death." Professor Beers, who contributes the Foreword, pays eloquent tribute to the memory of his former pupil and discovers in his poems "a refinement of feeling, a sense of rhythm and poetic form, which give promise of future achievement."

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AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP OF THE PRESENT DAY (SINCE 1890). By T. E. Rankin. Ann Arbor, Michigan: George Wahr.

"An attempt to indicate only those books which, amid the deluge of publication during the last quarter of a century in the United States and Canada, are most worth while finding and keeping for companionship," including also modern American magazines. This is an exceedingly helpful, suggestive guide, free from dogmatism and prejudice.

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*The Church at Work in College and University*, by Paul Micou (Morehouse Publishing Co.), "the first attempt that has been made to set forth between two covers the Church's whole duty to her young men and women at college; *Dutch Landscape Etchers of the Seventeenth Century*, by William Aspinwell Bradley (Yale University Press), an interesting and valuable contribution to a special field of art; *Selections from Robert Browning*, by Julius E. Warren; *A School History of the Great War*, by A. E. McKinley, Charles A. Coulomb, and Armand J. Gerson; *The Great World War*, chapter XXXIV of *Harding's New Mediæval, and Modern History* (American Book Company); *The Marsh Maiden and Other Plays*, by Felix Gerould (Four Seas Company); *Astronomical Lore in Chaucer*, by Florence M. Gwinn (University of Nebraska Studies in Language, Literature and Criticism); *Canteen Classics, Rhymes of the K. P.*, by Alfred Eggers (Gorham Press); *The Colonial Citizen of New York City*, by Robert F. Seybolt (University of Wisconsin Studies in the Social Sciences and History, No. 1); *War and Love*, by Richard Aldington (Four Seas Company).